1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

tion but because they take pride in making the best of what they have. Most of the meager sums of money they do have are probably sent in from a son who has a job outside the mountains. Government programs of supplying food are also periodically necessary to support these hardy people.

There are two historical factors accounting for the hardiness assigned to the mountain people over the plains dwellers. Before independence, the plainsmen, particularly in Thessaly and Macedonia, were attached to the estates of absentee Turkish landlords and, according to travelers' accounts, lived in tenancy approaching serfdom, despised by the more independent Greeks of the mountains. Further, the plains villagers suffered for centuries from the terrible malaria of the lowlands; drained of vitality, they were probably actually poorer physical specimens than the peasants of the more healthy uplands.

As various features of the peasant's life unfold, particularly in a later discussion of village ways, we can understand even better the differences between the peoples of the mountains and the plains. Nevertheless, we should not forget that as villagers the two groups hold much in common, such as their shared loyalty to their village and their tendency to be distrustful of the "outside world," particularly of the central-government officials in Athens.

The Sea

If mountains and plains are disappointing in the resources they contribute to Greece, then surely, one would think, the sea would more than compensate by providing fish in abundance. As a matter of fact, fish are an important source of protein in the Greek diet, but before the Second World War less than half of the total amount of fish eaten (35,000 to 40,000 metric tons) was caught by Greek fishermen in Greek seas. The rest had to be bought from abroad, often from neighboring countries, out of the country's meager store of foreign exchange.[14] Students of the problem seem to believe that the sea around Greece is rich in fish and that the trouble lies in the failure of the authorities to promote and foster a fishing industry. The many fishing boats destroyed during the war are being replaced, though slowly.

The merchant marine of Greece has been through the years a source of national pride. Here is one way the sea has been put to good advantage. Before World War II Greek ships totaled 1,900,000 tons and included 500 ocean-going vessels and a coastal and Mediterranean fleet of 55 large ships and 733 caiques, or small sailing boats. In 1946 there remained 138 miscellaneous ships totaling 501,000 tons. The sale of 100 liberty ships by the United States government to Greek operators at one fourth of the original cost contributed much to the rebuilding of the Greek merchant marine,

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Macedonia

243 466 "You ought to come harvesting and stay with us for a week and you would have plenty of material for your book," said one of the men good-naturedly. "When working in the wheat we sleep in the fields with only a blanket for a bed. It has been raining and we have been wet through and through. We can't wash ourselves, we can't even wash our plates — we are so busy."

243 465 "Where do you get your food?"

"The person for whom we work feeds us. He gives us garlic, olives, bread, salted fish, and sometimes a bean soup or potatoes. We all lose weight during this period and wish we didn't have to work this way."

[262] "Are you well paid for your work?"

One of the men, unshaven and tired, but gay throughout the conversation, said that the average pay was about 10 okas of grain for 1 stremma of land (28 pounds for one fourth of an acre). A man might get 14 okas and a woman as low as 7 okas, but the average ran about 10. There was no [562] explanation for this different treatment of the sexes except that the bargaining position of the woman was lower. (I compared this figure of 10 okas with the 20 okas that the farmers of Thessaly paid a combine owner for each stremma of land harvested, while they had to pay 30 okas per stremma when the harvesting was done by hand, losing about 10 okas through this less efficient way. Out of the total yield of 150 to 200 okas per stremma in Thessaly, the cost amounted to 7 to 10 percent of the crop in the case of the machine and 15 to 20 percent in the case of hand harvesting.)

511 "Do you get enough wheat during the harvesting period to see you through the year?"

"It all depends. Some years we do and some years we don't. Bread is our only food. It is our milk, cheese, butter, honey, sugar, all in one. What the grass is to the animal, bread is to us. Otherwise we live on air and water."

511 773 Then, as though carried away with some of their troubles, one of the men asked, "Do you know what we say about our village of Parthenon? We say that when Christ walked by our village he left us a curse, for we have only stones there." Another added a variation, "Yes, when Christ passed he blessed what was on his right, but on his left he threw stones." Even this rationalization had no trace of bitterness, but a matter-of-factness that was supposed to help the foreigner understand why they were having difficulties with food. Other villages down on the plains had an easier time of it, but Parthenon, high on its rocks, had to make a living the hard way.

243 465 Coming back to the question of harvesting, we asked them when they would get their wheat, for they were carrying nothing but a woven handbag or a spare jacket. In about a month they would return, for then the grain would be threshed and ready to distribute. Each person had carried his

1:Sanders Z-5A (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
So. Greece

placement in a stack one at a time after three gallons of boiling water have been poured over each, and the final subjection of the stack to 200 pounds of pressure. If the peasant carefully watched this while his olives were being processed, it would show lack of trust in the honesty of the millowner, to whom he must give 10 percent of the oil before he takes the rest home to be stored in earthenware jars for later use or sale. When he comes for his olives, the peasant will probably bring a gallon of wine to the workmen who drink to his health, saying "Kalaphagoto" (May it be well eaten). Later, in visiting the homes of the villagers, I asked about the storage of the oil and found that the big jars were kept in the storeroom with the hay and fodder. These jars were covered with a wooden lid. When I removed the lid I noticed a rancid odor quite different from the oil I had sampled during the pressing at the mill. "This oil has spoiled," I said, in my ignorance. "No, that is just right," I was told. "We want our oil to smell like oil," which was another way of saying that a certain degree of rancidness was considered most desirable.

And seeing in the home one of the young women who had been engaged in the harvesting a few weeks before, I asked how much she had earned. Since she was a good worker, she had been given 1.5 okas (4.2 pounds) of oil per day for 42 days. When told how many dollars such an amount of pure olive oil would bring in America, her eyes opened wide and she said, "If only I had all of my oil in that many dollars I could start to build that house in Athens that I want for my dowry." The six or seven men that work through the season in the mill are even better off, for they receive 2.5 okas of oil per day as wages, and the foreman gets 3 okas; in addition, their food is usually provided by either the millowner or the peasant producers who bring their crop to be pressed.

The description of the distribution and utilization of arable land and these encounters with the peasant at work show that the peasant is not so self-subsistent as he used to be. He is more than a producer who uses only what he grows; he must also market his products to pay off his loan from the agricultural bank, which he incurred in order to get more equipment, good seed, or better livestock. He needs money for taxes, clothing, many food items, and other necessities such as kerosene and hardware. What he gets for the work he has done depends upon government credit and price policies, world markets, his adoption of efficient farm practices, and the marketing facilities set up near him.

1:Sanders Z-5,9 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

[p 97]

[VI]

The Changing Life of the Shepherd

A year in Greece puts one on intimate terms with sheep and goats. They are everywhere. They dart across the highway before a speeding car and raise their tails in a contemptuous gesture as they leap to safety across the ditch into a field; they form a fitting part of almost every landscape one wants to photograph; and they provide the country's chief meat supply as well as the white *feta*, or soft cheese. Their wool and hides are also important sources of income to the shepherds.

There is nothing particularly glamorous about the Balkan sheep of which those in Greece are typical. They have a narrow, long tail and wool mixed with hair. C. S. Stephanides in his article, "Sheep — Man's Best Friend in Greece," writes: "The Greek sheep has a small skeleton; narrow body; short but strong legs, well-fitted for long journeys; the ability to feed on poor roughage, to withstand hardship; and early maturity." There are eleven leading breeds, seven of these being island sheep, which give much more milk, meat, and wool than the mainland sheep.[1] This is explained by the isolation of the islands, the comparative small acreage of some, and the poverty of the farmers there which forces them to keep but a few sheep and to select out the very best. The superiority of their livestock has come about through centuries of such selection. As a matter of fact, those mainlanders undertaking scientific improvement of their flocks import the island sheep for breeding purposes.

1:Sanders Z-5.4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece
Vlachs EH15

covered with homemade blankets. The necessary water cask was also there. As we sat in front of the tent, we saw a scene of unusual beauty. The sun, setting in a red splash behind the Albanian mountains, was reflected in the Aoos River flowing in a small stream through its broad gravel bed; off to our right, the town of Konitsa spread like a jeweled fan up the hill. When we stood to warm ourselves at the fire, we saw a three-quarter moon rising behind the black mountain which towered just behind the tents, the moonlight on its patches of snow. The smoke of the campfire, the dogs barking, the puppies and lambs romping in the tent, the occasional neighing of the hobbled horses, made a scene that was distinct from the usual Greek evening landscape. It was incredibly different in time, too, from the atomic age, although in space only a score of miles from the Iron Curtain and twenty-eight flying hours from New York.

Berates' daughter, Vasilike, had been engaged for two years to a boy whom she had never seen but who was picked out for her by her father. As the father phrased it, "the word is given." At this point in the conversation, flustered and greatly embarrassed, Vasilike went into the neighboring tent to make some sirupy coffee. When we asked our host if his people had a dowry system, he grunted and said: "Ten years ago women took only their household equipment as a dowry; now they've started giving flocks as dowries. This accursed custom of the dowry has come up to us from the cities." Later, while we were sipping the coffee Vasilike brought, one of the shepherd boys came to play his flute for us. Because this was Saturday, the women two tents down the line had all washed their hair, with the exception of one little girl who was even then doing so in a small, shallow oven pan. The others had gotten to the stage of having their hair plaited. We could hear them at it, laughing and talking. But as the time dragged on, as darkness came down, and the sheep had not arrived, a nervousness became apparent in the camp. Everyone was marking time, waiting for the sheep.

At long last, the tension broke as we heard the flocks come nearer. They arrived at 9:30, and the available men, six in all, began the milking. A barricade of saddles, firewood, and thistles had already been made in which there was a small opening. The men seated themselves, three on a side, at the opening. The sheep were driven slowly up to the opening, and as a ewe came through one of the men would grab her by the hind leg and then proceed to milk her. Here, as elsewhere in Greece, the women never milked the sheep, nor the men the goats, although extra hands would have shortened considerably the tedious job that extended far into the night.

After the milking was well under way, Vasilike put a frying pan full of strained milk on the fire to boil. She then brought us a bowl of this warm, rich liquid to eat with bread and cheese. The bread had been purchased along the way and was paid for by cash from the milk sold en route. While

1:Sanders Z-5/4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

reveal only some of the traits of the husband-wife relationship in rural Greece. It is equally important to see how this partnership operates day by day, season by season, year by year, for it is in the sharing of a common life, with its hardships and flashing joys, that this companionship based on mutual respect is fashioned. Great is the wife's satisfaction if her husband is considered a good provider. If he is, people say: "Tes dinei tou pouliou to gala" (He brings the bird's milk to her), or "Kai tou pouliou to gala echei" (She even has the milk of the bird). Such phrases go back to the practice of serving eggs beaten in milk to the sick, thereby showing that good care is being taken.

The wife, in addition to watching her own behavior toward her husband, is also responsible for seeing that the children are respectful. The lessons learned in the younger years tends to persist through adolescence into adulthood. Once while sitting at a meal in a Greek home I noticed the young man leave the table. Curious about his exit, I asked: "Where is Petros going?" The father, with a pleased look on his face, said: "He is going out to smoke a cigarette. He does not smoke in front of me." And wherever I went I asked young men singly or in groups whether or not they smoked in the presence of their fathers and found only a small fraction that broke this taboo. To be sure, in some villages and in some homes the young man no longer takes a trek outside if he wants a smoke, but he knows he is going against an old established custom. In one group of nineteen young men, for instance, only three said they would smoke in front of their fathers; in another group of twenty-eight, again only three said they would do so.

The son also shows respect for his father by not going to the same coffeehouse where his father is or is apt to go, but there are regional variations. In villages of the Pelion (near Volos, Thessaly) a man may take his son or even his wife to the coffeehouse, but in the words of the commandant of gendarmerie there "they may act this way near Volos but in my village in Boeotia it would be a great shame if the father and his son were in the same coffeehouse, and no woman would think of entering." As a general rule, even fewer of the young men would accompany their fathers to a coffeehouse than would smoke in their presence. In some of the smaller villages the people say that they do not have enough cafés and so the possibility of the two generations staying apart is not very great.

But on every hand there are signs that the formal etiquette governing respect is breaking down. One well-informed official near Salonica said, "The basic Greek tradition of showing respect for elders is weakening. Now you see boys teaching their fathers how to play backgammon and cards. In the United States you would think this fine but over here our system is patriarchal, and the young American starts life outside the home at an earlier age." A folklorist pointed out that in the past the reverence for Greek customs was looked on as necessary for national survival, especially under the Turks and when people were isolated.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

524 My master bought me, undressed me, cut off my head, and then as he was chopping me he felt sorry and started crying. (An onion.)

Food and Clothing

252 Since fuel is so scarce throughout most of the country, fire is used for cooking only when absolutely necessary. Many families still do their cooking in the open fireplace, but many more use small sheet-metal stoves. The husband, when he has caught up on his other jobs, brings the fuel to the house by donkey from the village forest or from some mountainside where the holm-oak shrubs grow, but the wife may also help in this task from time to time.

If she can, the wife persuades her husband to build a brick and mud stove, which raises the cooking surface high enough to avoid stooping. In fact, a good indication of progress in a Greek village home is the height of the stove. Only a few kettles or pans exist where the fireplace is used for cooking, but metal casseroles are required for modern stoves with ovens. Even in those homes where cooking arrangements border on the primitive, a meal is served on clean, white tablecloths, with napkins and whatever dishes and cutlery the family can afford.

262 The food varies considerably by geographical region and by season. But everywhere one finds, in the words of Dorothy Lee, that "traditionally, food is not nutrition. Food is good, not good for you." [6] Therefore, when we describe the Greek diet as consisting of 2477 calories per day as compared with the United States figure of 3129, we are talking nutrition, not food. Or when we break these calories down according to their sources, as in Table 3, we are following a Western, not a Greek villager's, approach. No-

TABLE 3. SOURCES OF CALORIC INTAKE, GREECE AND UNITED STATES, 1948–49

Food group	Percentage of calories	
	Greece	United States
Cereals	61	25
Potatoes	2	3
Sugar and honey	4	15
Pulses and nuts	6	3
Vegetables and fruits	5	6
Meat, fish, and eggs	3	19
Dairy products	4	14
Oils and fats	15	15
	100	100

Source: Adapted from Leland G. Allbaugh, *Crete: A Case Study of an Underdeveloped Area* (Princeton, 1953), p. 132.

1:Sanders Z-5.4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

tice in particular the heavy concentration on cereals in the Greek diet in comparison with the more even distribution among other food groups in the American diet. The small proportion obtained from dairy products brings to mind a conversation with an official from Northern Greece, who noted that in a village near Kozane the cows were "about the size of goats," so small and unproductive were they. He told his secretary to arrange to have a good bull sent to the village to improve the stock and to announce to the people what he was about to do. But the women asked why.

"To give you bigger animals to work and to give you more milk."

"What will we do with the milk?"

"Drink it."

"Whoever heard of drinking cow's milk?"

There was no objection, of course, to drinking goat's or sheep's milk. This official went back to the director of agriculture for his region and said, "You hang a stone around your neck, and I'll hang one around mine. We've been here this long and haven't yet taught the people that they can drink cow's milk."

Thus food is more than a statistical table. We learn what is locally important when we hear a Greek village girl tell about the kind of food she has at home:

Throughout the year we eat bread, which is coarse, a little darker, and tastes much better than the bread in Athens. It is made of wheat flour from the grain grown by each family and milled in one of the seven watermills near the village. As a milling charge the miller will keep about one sixth. The flour is stored in a wooden box at home. When we make bread we mix the dough in a pottery bowl. At first, we may need to borrow or buy yeast from another family but then keep a little yeast for next time. We bake once a week in an outdoor oven; in the winter, if the weather is very bad, we use a little oven in the house. The outdoor oven is made of brick and is round. After we have built a fire from branches and gotten the oven very hot, we push the coals to the side and put the round loaves in between so that they will absorb the heat from the oven and the coals. We may also cook cakes or sweets in the oven.

Our people want bread all of the time when they are eating. We eat cornbread only in case of emergency. We eat potatoes more than rice, usually serving the potatoes in a stew of meat and red sauce.

We eat much [notice her definition of "much"] meat, especially pork because we feed a pig until it reaches a hundred okas; we kill it, cut it up, and put the meat in receptacles after salting it. The pig is butchered around March and its meat lasts us for about a year, if we use some of it about twice a week. We eat more chicken than lamb; we don't use beef.

We eat a bean stew about three times a week except in the summer, at which time we eat green beans. We eat many vegetables and fruits in season. We dry figs for use during the year.

The daughter-in-law does most of the cooking and is apt to favor her father-in-law's appetite.

1:Sanders Z-5M (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

262 [432] in-law's appetite. Our people don't spend much money on food, preferring to grow their own. If a person buys food at the market the others will become envious of him because he has money "to spend on food."

264 Meal times are as follows when we are doing field work: breakfast, 6 to 7 A.M. at which time we eat bread, cheese, olives, and sometimes eggs; at 10 A.M. there is a break for a snack; lunch is at 1 P.M. and supper about 8:30 P.M.

272 We drink tea every day, this being what we call "mountain tea" [tsai tou voundou], made from a wild flower which we gather.

262 [146] Most of the oils and fats the Greeks use, come from olives rather than from animal products. Indeed, of the proteins eaten by Greeks, including the city as well as the rural Greek, only 19 percent is animal protein in comparison with 60 percent in the United States. As one study observed:

[235] [855] The majority of families in the villages have from 4 to 8 hens, each of which lays about 60 eggs per year. Eggs are used for feeding children up to the age of 4. Adults get few eggs except at Easter and on feast days. . . . A majority of the people have very little cheese. This is particularly serious since consumption of meat is so low.[9]

262 264 In traveling over Greece, a foreign observer is struck by a number of interesting and useful practices connected with food. The widespread use of one-dish meals, most of them vegetable stews, economizes fuel and cooking equipment and frees the women for other household and farm tasks. Bread can be dipped into the stew sauce, serving a purpose quite apart from its food value. Many families cook only one hot meal a day, starting off with a cold breakfast except in the winter when they have a warm porridge. Even though the climate during much of the year is warm, there is 251 no home refrigeration, very little canning of vegetables or fruits, but considerable drying, brining, and pickling in order to conserve food for use when it is out of season. Eggs, however, can be stored for several months in water glass.

262 [574] [146] Various holidays have their traditional dishes, providing a festive occasion at which the Greek villager really gets enough to eat; at other times, he leaves the table hungry. A daily average of about 2500 calories per person for the whole country is no fattening diet, although more healthful than one in which individuals consistently overeat.

262 184 [146] Regional variations in food habits throughout Greece depend upon the local products available. Where the olive is not grown, but is obtained only through purchase or barter, the peasant usually has milk products such as cheese or yoghurt. Where citrus fruit is lacking, more red peppers in the bean stews provide vitamins. Within a community there are also differences in diet based on differences in income.

252 572 184 Villages differ also in the day customarily set aside for baking bread in the outdoor ovens. In a village such as Malakassa in Attica the women bake on

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

The Engagement

Once dowry arrangements have been completed, the couple becomes engaged. This is invariably a festive occasion at the home of the girl, which calls not only for the hiring of musicians but frequently the preparation of special dishes, such as fried octopus, and the serving of great quantities of brandy and special liqueurs. The significance of the engagement is stressed by the fact that it often involves the village and not just the families concerned. One day while riding muleback in the mountains of Epirus we heard the sound of music from a distance. As we approached a small hamlet, small because most people were afraid to live in that politically unsettled area, we recognized the music as that of the *daouli* (big drum) and bagpipe. As we passed through, the president of the community came out and invited us to stop and join in the festivities. Here, as elsewhere, I learned that there were ceremonial ways in which the couple plight their troth: exchange of glasses of sweet liqueur from which they each drink and, more importantly, the exchange of heavy rings. If both sets of parents are alive, it is the custom in the Peloponnesos for the bride's mother to be the first to hand the rings over to the couple, the groom's father then repeats this, and the bride's does so for the third time. The priest is not involved nor is the *koumbaros* (sponsor at the wedding to follow and godparent at the baptism) called upon at this time.

The engagement period is not viewed as a time of exploration and reaching a decision by the young people as to whether they are actually suited to each other; in Greece, once engaged, the couple is expected to marry, and there is almost no breaking off of an engagement. This step is regarded as serious as the wedding itself, for it is a public recognition that two families are to be related. But customs during the engagement period vary considerably in Greece. For example, the customary length of engagement may vary from one week or less in a few villages to less than a year in other places, although most generally the engagement period would be at least a year. This is a feverish period of activity on the part of the family to ensure the collection of all necessary dowry items. In some parts of Greece the young man may go to live in the home of his future in-laws if he is needed there. He may be working in the village where he found his bride-to-be and, rather than maintain separate bachelor's quarters or board with some other family, he may move into his future home. Or, if he has no fields of his own and goes to work on his in-laws' estate, he will probably move into the in-laws' home. In Aetolia, if the boy is from a different village, he can come from time to time to the bride's house for a visit of a few days; if he is from the same village, he also can visit the home but seldom spends a night there.

The casual way in which young people occasionally talked about their engagement stressed the social rather than personal aspects of this experi-

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

584 ence. On the island of Salamis, not far from Athens, while visiting in a village home we asked a young woman to tell us about her engagement. This is her account, which highlights some of the points previously made:

A matchmaker arranged our marriage. When my mother finally decided that it was time to have a man in the house, we discussed with which family we wanted to affiliate. We had heard my father say before his death that he wanted his daughter to marry one of the sons of a retired chief petty officer in the village. My mother and sisters named one of the sons who was still single and I said, "All right. Whatever you decide," even though I didn't know the boy. So my brother-in-law (my oldest sister's husband), as head of the family, arranged the contact through a third person. I had said that I would take anything but a bald-headed man. [At this point everyone laughed for the one selected was prematurely bald.] On a Tuesday both families had said *Entaxei* [all right], and on Saturday the groom-to-be was supposed to visit me. He didn't try to see me in advance, for he had faith in his parents and, besides, we all live in the same village. But he sent word that he couldn't come on Saturday, for as a petty officer he was on duty. Instead he came on Thursday with a friend. He sent his friend in first to announce that he was here and to ask if he could come in. I said certainly but spoke in the plural form; he said not to do this for it annoyed him. We looked at each other for the first time. He asked, "Do you like me?" I said, "Of course." What else could I say? I shrieked when I saw his bald head, shrieked with disappointment. He came and sat near me. My mother said, "You see, he has already become very bald." [The fiancé, who was present during the interview, was asked what had been his thoughts when the match was made. He replied, "Since her father and my father had known each other, I said what is the use of pretending."]

On the Saturday following his visit to me I went to pay my first visit to my in-laws. I took candied almonds and flowers to my mother-in-law and we all ate, drank, and were merry. Then he and I started visiting each other. But the people began to say, "How does such traffic go on since they don't have an engagement ring?" So we decided to have the formal engagement. We were going to do it on his name day, but he got sick and we postponed it to Easter. The groom bought the ring and gave me a silk dress, shoes and stockings, and his relatives gave me some earrings and beads. I gave him slippers, pajamas, shirts, and handkerchiefs. On the day of the engagement, I sent his mother a large
● [262] bread ring with thirty-one red Easter eggs on top and she sent a cake containing five eggs to my home. At the engagement ceremony the fathers of the couple usually place the rings on the fingers, but since my father was dead his father put the rings on both of our fingers.

Engagements in this Salamis village last two years or more unless the families are rich and can hurry the matter along. The length of time is based on the dowry that the girl must accumulate. Not only must she bring the
[583] house but must furnish it with a bureau (or chiffonier), a buffet, six dining-
[352] room chairs, four kitchen chairs, and a mattress. The groom provides the dining-room table, a cupboard, and a bed.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

second marriage is set for a Saturday evening. (This custom brings to mind a common Greek proverb: "Everything was wrong, and even the wedding was on Monday.")

On the Wednesday before the date of the marriage, both homes "start the leaven." In the evening the relatives of each home are present at the baking done from freshly milled flour and "untouched water." The kneading trough is placed in the middle of the room, and over this a girl and a boy hold a sieve through which the flour is sifted. Everybody is silent until, all at once, people start throwing coins into the sieve saying "Kalorizika" (Good luck). Three shots are fired to announce to the village that this has been done. The baking starts when enough flour has been sifted. Some of the people take dough which they smear onto the bride's or groom's face. After a late dinner, toward midnight, the people in the groom's home suggest going to the bride's home. When the two parties meet, there is dancing and singing and the firing of pistols. Later on, the groom's party goes back to his home to continue celebrations until daybreak.

On Friday the display of the dowry starts. Women from all over the village come in to look at it and bring with them basil, rice, and cotton "just for good luck." When the women have seen the dowry, the "filling of the sacks" starts after the mother has put a copper container into a large homespun sack. While the bride stows away her household equipment and her own clothes into these sacks, those present throw in coins. Once the sacks have been filled, the mattresses, covers, and cushions are placed in piles and the friends sprinkle everything with rice and pin sweet-smelling herbs in between the clothes. Then the women, and especially the young girls, start dancing in the bride's courtyard. On the same day the groom sends two boys around the village, one of whom carries a jug full of wine and the other a written invitation for relatives and friends to a dinner on the wedding day. The bride's father does the same. From Friday on, the special dishes are prepared: loaves of bread with symbolic patterns across the top, pies, meat, and wine. If a person is in mourning and is invited to the wedding dinner, he is obliged to take some food on Saturday evening.

On Saturday morning the bride calls the young girls "to help her get married." Some of her friends take Turkish delight, bonbons, and other sweets and go with these offerings to invite the rest of the young girls to the wedding.

On Sunday after the regular morning church service, people begin to gather in the homes of the bride and the groom. The girls go to the bride's home to form an honorary escort and dance in her yard, while the boys dance in the groom's yard. During this time, while the bride is getting dressed, a party goes from the groom's home to fetch the sponsor (koumbaros) who either rides or goes on foot to the groom's home. There a white flag, adorned with apples and sweet herbs, is hoisted. The koumbaros is always the groom's godfather or one of his sons if the godfather has died. If for some reason the godfather cannot be present, he gives his blessing and permits the groom to choose another "best man" or sponsor. When the koumbaros has arrived at the groom's home, the procession is ready to start for the bride's home.

First comes a young man carrying the flag, followed by the priest and the

1:Sanders Z-5 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

little importance. (A pregnant woman is not supposed to serve as a koumbara, for people say that something bad will happen either to her or the child being baptized. A person is also supposed to baptize only children of the same sex, for if he serves as a koumbaros of both boys and girls, two of these with the same godparent might fall in love, which would be considered incest since spiritual bonds count as much as biological kinship in determining marriage prohibitions.)

After the small group of friends and relatives has gathered, the priest comes out from behind the altar. He usually displays great skill in handling the infant, even if the baby starts to howl his displeasure at the proceedings. The priest first turns the baby toward the east, blows into its face three times to chase away the evil spirits, seals it with the sign of the cross, and utters four exorcisms against temptation. Then the godparent renounces for the child "the devil and all his works" in answer to a thrice-repeated question from the priest, after which he recites the Apostles' Creed.[1]

The tepid water standing in a large copper basin is next blessed by the priest, who pours consecrated oil on it. Then the godparent, who has rubbed the baby all over with oil, hands it to the priest who three times plunges it into the font while he recites the appropriate formula. Once the immersion has been completed, the priest anoints the baby in different parts of its body and holds it up to the altar three times if it is a boy. The baby is next dressed and carried around the font three times by the godparent who holds a candle in one hand; the priest also joins in this procession. The ceremony concludes with additional words from the New Testament and a few words of admonition to the child, whereupon those present congratulate the godparent with the wish, "may it live." Then everyone goes to the home of the parents for a tremendous dinner, usually featuring roast lamb, which is just as important a part of the affair as the church ceremony. The godparent is given a place of high honor. (He also has had the responsibility of choosing the name for the child, usually that of a grandparent.[2])

Although I have attended many social functions in Greece, the joy and fun which characterize the baptismal feasts stand out in my memory. Not only is the food delicious and plentiful, but there is invariably plenty of wine and good-natured bantering. Most of the time, too, there is dancing, spirited and informal. Children of the guests as well as the brothers and sisters of the newly baptized infant are often present, and manage to end up in the dance or very much in its way, thereby adding to the general merriment. Weddings, such as the one described in the previous chapter, are occasions for merriment because they give promise of providing children, especially boys, to continue the family line; the baptism is merry because this promise has been fulfilled.

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Eve and Epiphany (December 24–January 6). It is preceded by a week's fast, which formerly lasted forty days, ending on Christmas Eve. Throughout much of Greece it is traditional to kill a pig for Christmas, although in many villages of Thessaly people are satisfied with fowl. Indispensable is the *Christopsoma* (Bread of Christ), a large round loaf, with a cross formed of dough in the middle and with four chestnuts on each side and a fifth in the center. This is a leavened loaf but without any sugar, although in the cities it is so highly decorated with candied fruits that it resembles a sweet loaf. Special Christmas cakes as well as a number of other dishes are also prepared for the occasion.

Christmas Eve is a time for caroling, or the *kalenda*. The carols are about the birth of Christ, the joy that is spread all over the world, "so good master give us something so that we can enjoy with ease Christmas Day." In some parts of Greece adults as well as children go caroling. In addition to triangles which they play while singing, the children may carry little paper ships or houses and lighted lanterns. The carolers in the cities receive coins or sweets, but in the villages they are content with currants and nuts. They avoid homes that are in mourning, although earlier in the day many people have probably visited the cemeteries with offerings of food for the dead.

On Christmas Day itself the more devout go to the early communion service and then on to the home of the eldest relative (if he is very poor, then to the home of the richest relative). Here, in Thessaly at least, they drink *kokorozoumo*, a boullion made from boiled chicken, lamb, and beef, to which a lemon flavoring has been added. In Macedonia, a traditional dish is *dolmades*, or stuffed pickled cabbage leaves prepared on Christmas Eve and allowed to simmer in a sauce pan on a low fire all night. The men in particular drink a great deal of liquor throughout the day and generally end up inebriated, partly because they have been to call on those named Christos or Christina and been duly treated. Christmas Day, though not a time for exchanging gifts, is a special occasion to be celebrated.

Yet throughout this whole twelve-day period many of the peasants reveal an unusual anxiety, for they believe that the Evil Eye is unusually active at this time. Windows and doors must be kept shut so that bad spirits will not bring in illnesses of any kind; furthermore, these spirits — called *kallikantzari* — are usually mischievous as well. They are supposed to be little men with goats' feet, enormous heads, and big ears; they are black, for they come down the chimney which must be kept closed. To be on the safe side, it is well to put a little sugar and a glass of water by the fireplace for them to eat and drink and thus be less inclined to do harm. Every village literally teems with stories about the kallikantzari at this time of year and details differ greatly as to their appearance and pranks. Their presence is

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considered so real that many villagers going outdoors after dark take both a light and a cross for protection. Nor should one do any washing of clothes during the Twelve Days, go to the fields to work, borrow from a neighbor, or believe in the efficacy of dreams since they will not come true at this time.[9]

After the Emmanuels have had their nameday on the twenty-sixth and the Stephens theirs on the twenty-seventh, the women start preparing the traditional New Year's Eve dishes. On the thirtieth special attention is given to the baking of the *vasilopita*, a special cake named in honor of Saint Basil (Hagios Vasilis), a very important figure. A coin has been placed in the cake, on the top of which the date of the year is written. Chestnuts and almonds are used for decorations.

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On New Year's Eve, throughout the day, the children go around caroling again much as they did on Christmas Eve, but on this occasion it is St. Basil's kalenda. The children carry a highly decorated branch of the sorb-tree or sometimes the olive with which they tap people on the shoulder in order to wish them good luck during the year. In return they expect a gift such as dried fruit. The youngsters add a festive air to the day and help build up the emotional crescendo that becomes quite evident as evening approaches — everyone is anxious to find out what their luck will be for the coming year. Excitement is particularly keen around midnight with the cutting of the vasilopita; first, the head of the house cuts a piece of this cake for the Virgin, then one for the house, then one for the job that the head of the house does, then his own piece to be followed by one for his wife and each child in turn. Everyone is curious to find out in what piece the lucky coin will turn up. Should it be in the Virgin's piece, it will be placed on the household shrine, but if any member of the family finds it in his piece he feels fortunate indeed.

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If the family members exchange any gifts, it is done at this special event on New Year's Eve and not at Christmas. In Northern Greece especially the villagers play cards to test their luck. If anyone loses he is apt to say, "If I lose at cards, I'll win during the year." Those who win say, "I'll be lucky."

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The devout go to the New Year's Day church service at which the liturgy of St. Basil is employed, and when they come home they are careful to step into the house with their right foot; if they have brought a new icon from the church, the one carrying it will step into the house first. During the day the men pay calls on such village notables as the community president, the priest, the doctor, or the schoolteacher and are served wine with a sort of canape. The women, dressed in their very best, serve the guests. Students, soldiers, and others away from home try to get back to their village for at least a two- or three-day visit. On New Year's Day the card games are taken up again.

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The second, third, and fourth of January are ordinary working days, but on January 5 people expect a half-day off since it is Epiphany Eve, at which time children also sing the kalenda about the baptism of "the child of God." There is a five o'clock service in the morning at which occurs the first blessing of the waters. Those in attendance have brought jugs or cups for the blessed water which they take home to use in curing the sick or preventing the Evil Eye during the year. But on Epiphany itself occurs the most spectacular second blessing of the water, done in front of everybody at the church or near some body of water into which the cross is thrown. Swimmers are ready to dive in after it and struggle for its possession. The one who succeeds in gaining it is not only assured of good luck during the year but he can pass throughout the crowd and even the community to collect money from those solicited.

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On Epiphany the priest visits the homes of the parish to bless each room by sprinkling holy water there, thus guaranteeing that all kallikantzari[1] have been exorcised and chased back to their lairs beneath the earth until the next Twelve Days comes around.

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Easter brings with it a wealth of customs, a blend of the pagan and the Christian, which are lightened by the coming of spring and the renewal of nature. Although they are "all of a piece" in the peasant mind, they can be best understood by the outsider in terms of Carnival, Lent, and Holy Week.

Carnival begins nine weeks before Easter and runs for three weeks. The second week is climaxed by Meat Sunday and the third week by Cheese Sunday. This is the time for weddings which otherwise could not take place until after Easter; this is the time for masquerades, although these are less pronounced in the villages than in the cities; this is also the time when family groups get together for little feasts before the Great Fast starts forty days before Easter. The last two Saturdays of Carnival and the first Saturday of Lent are *psychosabbata*, or memorial days for the dead. On the Thursday of the middle week of Carnival, members of the family, bringing their own food with them, gather in the home of the eldest relative to have a special meal, and on this occasion they allow some dish to scorch on the stove and smell up the house in the belief that this will bring good luck. This day is called *tsichnopempti*, since *tsichna* stands for the odor of burning flesh.

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Meat Sunday is the eighth one before Easter (the villagers count Easter as one of the Sundays). On this day the people are supposed to start doing without meat products for the Lenten period. On the following Sunday, called Cheese Sunday, the forbidden foods are broadened to include milk products as well. This latter holiday is especially colorful in many parts of Greece, for on this day the village boys prepare piles of wood on various heights to be lit after dark. This is also the day for visiting older relatives

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1 [These are bad spirits – ANALYST]

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796 and godparents in order to beg their forgiveness. Before the evening meal
[783] begins the younger members of the family kneel before their parents to ask their pardon for a wrongdoing and to receive a blessing. Carnival is definitely at an end.

796 Over and over again I asked local informants how many of the people
785 kept the Great Fast before Easter. In the villages the replies were often as high as 80 percent of the older people, but more and more it seems that
● 262 the younger generation keeps the fast for the one week immediately following Cheese Sunday and then takes it lightly until the Holy Week just prior to Easter. The villagers do not find it hard to give up meat because they actually have little available, but they do find that doing without eggs and cheese is restrictive. The pious manage to live on vegetables, bread, olives, and fruit.

796 Lent gets off to a frantic start with Clean Monday (*Kathara Deftera*),
[783] which is supposedly a period of purification of body and soul. Kitchen utensils are polished until they shine, walls whitewashed to make them look
[356] like new, floors scrubbed, and everything made ready for the big holiday
[574] which is in store. Townspeople in particular spend this day with their families on a picnic, with many localities having favorite spots that may originally have had a sacred meaning.

[533] Eight days before Easter is the Day of St. Lazarus. On its eve the young
[574] girls sing what are called Lazarus songs, and on the day itself they go visiting. They are decorated with flowers and hold palm or laurel branches in their hands. They represent the death and resurrection of Lazarus and re-
[535] ceive presents in return for their performance. On this day, too, there are frequently dances in the village squares.

[778] On Palm Sunday the palm or laurel branches are woven into the form
[787] of a cross, around which several folk beliefs center. For example, some vil-
[751] lagers believe they can tell the future from the cross; and others say this palm cross can be used against the Evil Eye.

[356] Holy Week finds the emotional build-up for Easter increasing day by day. On Monday the housewives put everything in order, particularly if bad weather previously has kept them from getting all the cleaning done. The devout go to church, usually in the evening, although a liturgy is held in
[825] the morning as well. In some villages the residents may tie rags in their front door to keep away insects. On Tuesday the people do very little regular work because, as the housewives put it, "we are getting ready for
[788] Easter." On Wednesday those attending the morning service are anointed
[252] with oil on the forehead, chin, and cheeks (sign of the cross) and, in rural areas, new yeast is prepared in the church and distributed to families for use throughout the year. On Holy Thursday everybody takes the afternoon off, "for it was on this afternoon that Christ was seized." To commemorate the crucifixion in the evening service, the priests read twelve passages from

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the Gospel and the cross is brought out to the center of the church where people can kiss it, place flowers before it, and show their sorrow over the crucifixion which has been called to their mind. Eggs are dyed red on this day, which is sometimes called Red Thursday, thus symbolizing the blood of Christ.

Good Friday is a holy day on which no one works. The women pick flowers with which to decorate the holy shroud (*Epitaphios*) or sacred icon. All day long the coffeehouses are closed and the people abstain from alcoholic drinks, olives, fish roe, or leavened bread. The evening church service lasts from eight to midnight. One of its features is the carrying of the flower-bedecked Epitaphios in a sacred funeral procession through the streets of the village. The priests in their rich robes, the altar boys, and the congregation walk solemnly as though they were actually burying their Lord. The procession goes around the church before the simulated bier is brought to rest before the church door at such a height that the worshippers can pass under it into the church, crossing themselves as they do so.

On Saturday members of the household prepare the Paschal lamb. A few attend the services from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., but almost everybody attends the evening service. The bells summon the people at 11 P.M. and by 11:30 the congregation has gathered. At midnight, when the sacred fire supposedly descends from heaven and the glorious Easter hymn *Christos Aneste* bursts forth in joy, people hurry to light their candles, shoot off the firecrackers they have brought for the purpose, and greet each other with *Christos aneste* (Christ is risen) and expect the answer *Alethos aneste* (Risen indeed). The service may continue to daybreak, but many of the people go home much earlier, each carrying his lighted taper with him. Upon arriving at the house, the worshipper uses the taper to smudge a black cross on the lintel. In some villages it is customary earlier in the day to make a cross on the door from the blood of the Paschal lamb. Once back home, the family ends the long Lenten fast by eating the red-dyed Easter eggs and *mageirites*, a highly seasoned stew made of the lamb's visceral organs. The lamb, which has not been sufficiently roasted on the spit, is eaten later in the day, not only by the members of the family but by the many guests and relatives who have come back to the village from their homes in the city.

All of Monday and the afternoon of Tuesday following Easter are considered national holidays. By Wednesday people can get back to their regular tasks. Religious ceremonies and festivals have added a meaningful dimension to their lives and have reminded them of the long continuity which links them with their ancestors who, as they see it, became the guardians and proponents of pristine Christianity, which lives on in their own Orthodox Church.

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[Potato-digging near Thebes]

244 476 [462] directing his four helpers in sorting and sacking them. We were much less interested in what happened to the potatoes than in the means whereby forty people were gathered together at one time to help with the task at hand. We asked Yannes a number of questions:

"What do you call this kind of group?"

"We speak of it as *daneike ergassia* [borrowed work]. I received word that the commission merchant from Thebes would buy my potatoes if I had them ready by tonight. I have about an acre which I had not yet harvested, but this was too much to handle with just my immediate family. So I had to get others to help me. Last night my wife went around to the women and said, 'Tomorrow I'm going to pull potatoes. Will you come and help me?' I asked some of my relatives who live near me and a few close friends."

"What do you have to pay these people?"

"Usually we repay the others by working for them when they need help. One of us — my wife, daughter, or myself — will go help them with their potatoes when they have to harvest them. We keep a pretty good record of what we owe to others and what they owe to us. Five or six of the men [465] working here do not have any potato fields so I agreed to pay them wages. They are particularly good at helping the commission merchant sort and sack the potatoes."

244 466 476 [123] [539] [126] Such a crowd gathered around us while we asked these questions that we saw we were interrupting proceedings. So we strolled around to see how the men did the digging and learned that they worked under the close supervision of the owner. This fact reminded me of the Greek proverb, "The owner's eye is manure to the field." In fact, as the men dug, they moved in a long row across the field with the result that any laggard would soon be noticeably behind the rest. The villagers joked a great deal as we took pictures and asked about the length of the work day. The workers had come to the field about eight in the morning and would remain until the job was done, with the "estimated time of departure" set by the owner at about four or five o'clock.

● [262] [785] The highlight of a day spent in such a work group is the food that is served to the workers about ten o'clock. Since the people were supposedly observing the Lenten fast, Yannes served a bean stew, candylike halvas, olives, fish, and wine. If they had not been fasting, they might have had cheese and eggs. Yannes insisted that they would only on rare occasions serve meat since they do not even eat that at home more than twice a month. But the workers, when asked about the food, said that it had been good and plentiful. "In fact," one man volunteered, "when Yannes invites us, we all say that we'll eat well today." Further inquiry showed that nobody ever turned down an invitation to a work group simply because he expected the food to be poor, but he would do so on other grounds, such as

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being busily involved in some work project of his own. At two o'clock Yannes planned to serve olives, onions, and bread with plenty of red resinated wine.

We could not stay much longer with the potato diggers, for we still had to carry our greetings to the village farther on. But a few days later I did return to Neochori and went to Yannes' home to find out who had been invited and why. In some ways this visit proved even more interesting than the sojourn in the potato field. The men were all away from the house; so Yannes' wife invited us into the square room which served as the center of family life. We sat around a table and began to list the twenty-five men and the eighteen women who had been a part of the mutual-aid group. Soon we saw neighboring women peering at us through the open window; then they moved on around to the door where they could hear better what we were talking about. News of our arrival must have spread like magic, for before we completed our list the room was full of women — some sitting on the beds along the wall, but several standing in order to observe more minutely everything that was going on. It was out of the question to interview the wife confidentially about why she invited some women and not others. As a matter of fact, two or three women had already taken it upon themselves to answer every question put to Yannes' wife, so that she was simply nodding in assent to what they said.

In no time at all, with the help of the most vocal members of the group, we had listed the relationship of each potato worker to Yannes and his wife. A later count of this information showed that, after we excluded Yannes, the commission merchant, and his one helper from outside, only six of the twenty-two remaining men were unrelated to Yannes. Each of these six persons was a neighbor. Of the seventeen women invited (excluding Yannes' wife), all but four were related to Yannes, but four were neighbors. Thus it was evident that family considerations and neighboring played a significant part, even to the point that some relatives who were not good workers were invited "because they were relatives." In other words, family values rather than economic values, such as efficiency, came into play.

We had noted that many of the women in the potato field were in their late teens or early twenties and found that they were preferred to the middle-aged women who are, of course, not excluded. Perhaps the younger ones have stronger backs and have no grounds for refusing if their father or husband tells them to go and help. Although a man is preferred for this kind of work, there would be no ill feeling if Yannes repaid some man who helped him by sending one of the women in his household. "We don't keep such close count that such a substitution bothers us" was the way one woman reacted.

In the course of our crowded group interview we learned that women

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275 369 Transposed to a rural setting, the coffeehouse seems rude by comparison, its patrons less well dressed, but it meets the same needs. In the village it has a variety of forms.

Coffeehouse Types

275 443 The coffeehouse, as used in this description, comes in at least three assorted forms. One form is the shop or small variety store which sells some merchandise and serves drinks as well. A second form concentrates on drinks alone, alcoholic and nonalcoholic. A third specializes in coffee and sweets and usually serves little if any alcoholic beverages. As one would expect, the larger the village, the greater the likelihood of finding the second and third types. To understand the social utility of the first type one must travel to a small village, such as Psathotopi on the Arta Plains.[1]

[162] Psathotopi, with less than four hundred people, has three coffeehouses which are the only business establishments in the community. Each sells a

[562] few articles in addition to the coffee and ouzo. Women who want needles or marcaroni either go or send their children to the shops' windows to make the purchases, for they are not allowed to enter the shops, which are man's

275 domain. The least prepossessing of the shops, interestingly enough, is the

443 meeting place of the community officers. It is a branch-covered hut, four by five yards in size, which has no chairs or tables inside but only benches

347 along the walls. Coffee, ouzo, and a few articles are sold here by the proprietor, who is also the church sexton. A second shop, of mud and reed construction, is larger (four by twelve yards) and contains four tables and six chairs, plus benches around the walls. Again, the merchandise consists of coffee, ouzo, and a few articles. The third shop, considered the best, is rented from the church. It is six by nine yards in size, of mud brick and

[262] stone construction. Its stock of merchandise is a little larger and it serves Turkish delight as a special attraction. This shop has five tables, twelve chairs, and more benches than the other two. In other words, these three shops represent the local commerce of Psathotopi.

[162] In the Peloponnesos, when there was a lull in the conversation at a shop of three by five yards in a village of about six hundred, I noted what this emporium contained. On hand were cigarettes, Turkish delight, flints, ouzo, brandy, horseshoe nails, macaroni, kerosene lamp wicks, bobby pins, needles, thread, candy, sugar, and coffee. There was the customary counter, two

[373] tables and five benches around the walls. The kerosene lamp cast a kindly glow about the place, contrasting with the dark unlit village streets of a winter night. A wood stove, fed charily, provided warmth. When I passed this same shop in the daytime, I realized what an ideal spot its front courtyard provided for basking when the sun shone in the winter and for shade during the summer when patrons could sit under the plane tree and watch the women come to the fountain for water. All that was needed was a

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supporting Greek version of "Standing on the Corner, Watching All the Girls Go By."

Or, in Northern Greece and the Grammos Mountains, one would find in the village of Kotili, with about six hundred people, that there were two shops which sold cigarettes and coffee.[2] A score of the men, in addition to being farmers and shepherds, were woodworkers; another score were masons, and one was a cobbler. That represented the specialization of that village, since all the other men were farmers-shepherds-laborers. But it is at coffeehouses such as those in Kotili, close by the border, that one gains an insight into the real meaning of Balkan politics. For here the older villagers will tell the visitor of the days back in the first decade of the century when Bulgarian *komitadjis,* while the area was still under Turkey, came to try to persuade the people to join the Bulgarian cause. But the people remained loyal to the orders of their church authorities and resisted the efforts of the Bulgarians to enroll their local children in special schools or to enlist the adults in a premature revolt against the Turks. As one listens to the stories of violence and national struggle, the surrounding mountains which at first seemed peaceful begin to assume a brooding look. And one learns that national traditions are preserved and passed on in the coffeehouse, with the old men telling the eager young men of the price that was paid to keep them Greek.

Vamvakia, on the Serrai plains, provides a final illustration of the combined variety shop–coffeehouse.[3] This village, too, numbers about six hundred people and has as its only business a cheese-making establishment and three coffeehouses. There is also one carriage maker who farms as well. The merchandise for the shops is brought from Serrai by the bus driver, who takes in the orders and brings back the supplies for a small fee. These coffeehouses are of brick and clay-mud construction and have the usual equipment of small tables and chairs. Two of them have battery radios for the entertainment of the customers. Coffee is the usual beverage, while ouzo and soda drinks (in summer) are also popular. Spoon sweets, such as vanilla or fruit preserves, are often sold.

We may conclude, therefore, that in most villagers of less than a thousand people one will generally find coffeehouses of the combined variety-shop type. Although the women may now and then view them as shops, the men almost invariably think of them as coffeehouses. This social function outweighs any economic function they might possess.

As size increases, say to more than a thousand people, the variety shops and grocery stores become separate establishments and the coffeehouse devotes itself almost exclusively to serving beverages. This is what most Greeks would consider the typical village coffeehouse, although the relative numbers of each kind are not known.

The specialized coffeehouses can frequently accommodate fifty to seventy

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631 642 this is to be worked out puzzles Greek politicians as much as it does American politicians interested in United States counties, laid out in horse-and-buggy days and ill adapted to today's rapid-transit world. In any combination, one center will gain and the other lose, a fact which has local political repercussions in a democratic system. Some of these become apparent as one views the work of the community council and its president.

The Community Council

207 In Phrangista, a mountain village of Central Greece, I was shaken out of pleasant contemplation as two loudspeakers on the village square suddenly began to inform one and all of the latest news of the day.

275 243 247 This was in the spring of 1953, and we were on a coffeeshop verandah newly made of concrete. Across the dusty thoroughfare, some hens had discovered wheat sheaves drying in front of the house of the carpenter; next door, potted geraniums were blooming in the window of a handsome stone house. We were shut in from the outside world by hazy mountains.

● 262 The proprietor's wife and daughter had just brought us preserved walnut sweets in a spoon with the traditional glass of water. One spooned the sweets, gulped the water, and commented on the good flavor of the walnuts preserved before they had fully ripened. And then came the radio. These loudspeakers, sounding forth noon and evening, featured the broadcasts from Ioannina, Patras, and Athens. The radio, obviously much more powerful than the battery sets frequently encountered in the ordinary coffeehouse, aroused my curiosity. I turned to the president of the community council, who was sitting nearby. He told me that the radio was community-owned, that it had been placed there by the American Mission, and that it had "brought civilization" to that place. But the more I talked with him, the more I realized that bringing in civilization through this medium created some local administrative problems.

207 177 [422]

The American Mission, preferring to distribute the radio directly to the local authorities rather than through a regular government ministry, stipulated that the community would have to provide the gasoline for the motor which furnished the energy for the radio. So the first problem was to find the money to buy the gasoline, which cost a great deal by the time it was transported over the mountains from Lamia. A second problem was locating someone (in this case, two teen-aged boys) who could operate the complicated machine and tune in the radio. The president proudly reported that on the previous day a screw had worked loose and the program was temporarily interrupted — but only temporarily — for these competent youngsters quickly found the trouble and replaced the screw.

623 653 651 727 Before I left Phrangista, the president wanted me to see the church which the villagers had recently rebuilt. It had been completely and deliberately destroyed by the Nazis. The archbishop had given some funds for its res-

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Throughout Greece, even in the cities, people never go to their own home or a friend's home from a funeral without first stopping somewhere for a sweet. In many villages it is the custom to wash one's hands before entering the house.

The official period of mourning lasts for two years. Part of the complex of traits connected with mourning is the Feasts of the Dead held at fixed periods, such as the eighth and the fortieth day after burial. Similarly, on the anniversary of the death a feast of remembrance is held. On such occasions the grave is decorated with flowers, a mass is sung, and offerings of *kollyva* are made in the church. Kollyva is "parboiled wheat mixed with pounded walnuts, raisins and parsley, and covered over with a coating of sugar, with the sign of the cross, and sometimes the initials of the deceased worked on it in raisins. The wheat is interpreted as a symbol of the resurrection: as the grain is buried in the earth, rots, and rises again in the shape of a blooming plant, so will the soul rise from the tomb. . . ." [34]

In addition to these ceremonies for deceased individual members of a family, the Greek villagers also have collective feasts for the dead known as Souls' Sabbath (*psychosavvata*), which correspond roughly with spring and harvest, or the life and death cycle of the year. Relatives visit the graves where they leave sweetmeats, parboiled grain, and cakes, and where they kneel and cry beside the tombs as the priests read prayers over them. It is a memorable experience for a foreigner to come unexpectedly upon a graveyard where as many as one hundred and fifty people are wailing over different graves and to see the priests in their colorful robes and with their swinging censers move from one small group to the next.

Priests when they die are treated differently. With an ordinary person the bowl used when the dead are washed for burial is broken and thrown away; but with the priest (in Spetsai at least) it cannot be broken, but is thrown into the sea. The priest's body is not put in a shroud but is dressed by another priest in a *peritrachelion,* or stole which a priest wears when he hears confessions. Also, the first book from which the priest read after becoming a priest is put in the coffin with him. There is another difference, too. At the end of three years after burial, it is customary to dig up the bones of the deceased and wash them in wine and water, but the bones of a priest are washed with oil. When the bones are disinterred, they are put in a basket and taken home to be put under a table on which there is boiled wheat. The priest reads a prayer; the people kiss the skull, put it in the box with the other bones, and this is put in a vault in the cemetery.

Much is made of the condition of the bones. If they are yellowish-brown, this means that the person lived a good life; if they are black, he lived badly. It is also considered a bad omen if the body has not disintegrated.

An excellent summary of the way the peasant fits death into the general scheme of things comes from a study by V. T. Valassis:

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own proprietors even under Ottoman rule. Also see D. Loukopoulos, *Poimenika tes Roumeles* (Pastoral Life in Roumele) (Athens, 1930).

16. Some of the references to particular villages are taken from the village studies of the Near East Foundation, the Mutual Security Administration, and the Greek Ministry of Agriculture (mimeographed, 1951, 1952).

An account of some shepherd festivals is found in an article by K. Marines, "Vlahopanegyria," *Nea Estia*, XI (1932), 586–590. Although this work deals only with the mainland of Greece, some readers interested in the islands may wish to consult the following representative studies of sheepraising there: For Chios: Philip P. Argenti and H. J. Rose, *The Folk-Lore of Chios*, 2 vols. (Cambridge, Eng., 1949); G. Madias, "Oi Poimenes en Kardamylois" (Life of the Shepherds in Kardamyla-Chios), *Laographia*, VI, 225–226. For the Dodecanese: K. Doxiades and others, "Dodekanesos: Genike perigraphe" (The Dodecanese: General Description), *Ministry of Reconstruction Series*, no. 21 (Athens, 1947), 109–117; An. G. Vrontes, "E melissokomia kai to mandradorema ste Rodo" (Beekeeping and Sheepraising in Rhodes), *Laographia*, XII, 209–228. For Karpathos: M. G. Michailides-Nouaros, *Laographika symmikta Karpathou* (Folklore Miscellany for Karpathos), (Athens, vol. I, 1932; vol. II, 1934). For Lesbos: D. Ch. Eleftheriades, "Ktenotrophia" (Livestock Industry), *Lesviakon Emerologion* (Lesbian Almanac), 1950, pp. 281–282. For Skyros: Nike Perdika, *Skyros: Entyposeis kai perigraphai, historika kai laographika semeiomata, ethe kai ethima, mnemeia tou logou tou laou* (Skyros: Impressions and Descriptions, Historical and Folklore Notes, Manners and Customs, Glossary of Popular Speech) (Athens, 2 vols., 1940 and 1943 — pp. 157–165 deal with the major occupations, including that of shepherd; also see V. Antonakes, "E Poimniovoske mas" (Our Sheepraising), *Skyros*, 1948, pp. 112–114.

[Turks]

Chapter VII. Woman's Work Is Never Done

[114] 1. In any account of family life in Greece, some mention should be made of the family system among the Turks who live in western Thrace. When visited in 1953 and 1955, their daily lives were not too much affected by the Turkish-Greek con-[641] troversy over Cyprus. Like other Greek citizens, the Turkish men must perform mili-[702] tary service according to the law, but, since they are not considered very reliable [191] soldiers, they are permitted to pay the fixed sum which exempts them. One of the problems in the last war was the inability of the Greek officers to command non-Greek-speaking Turks.

[796] Much of the family life of these Turks centers about the farm and strict religious observances. To visit Turkish homes during Bairam, at the end of their month of fasting, makes one feel that he is in the interior of Turkey, although Greek place names and Greek officials bring one back to reality.

[574] For two days at the time of Bairam the men do no work in the fields and are [609] glad to spend leisurely hours with strangers interested in their way of life. They [576] invite the guests to their homes which have been newly whitewashed for the holidays. The Turks remove their sandals or shoes at the bottom of the stairs leading to the main room, but non-Turkish visitors are not expected to follow this practice. There in a carpeted room the guests are seated on the few chairs, while the Turkish men [262] squat cross-legged on the floor. A rich meal of *dolmades* (grape leaves stuffed with ground meat and rice), chunks of veal, dark bread, and a dessert of dripping sweet [562] baklavas served with black coffee proves very filling. No women make their appear-[291] ance, and men do all of the serving. Women are very much in evidence throughout the villages of western Thrace because they have many different tasks to perform, but they do manage to keep their faces partly covered by their veils when they see strangers approaching.

[584] Marriage arrangements among the Muslims we visited are under the control of [595] the Mufti in Xanthe. Polygyny is not very common, according to the Greek officials.

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243 427 at a cost of eight percent of the amount of the wheat threshed. This machine leaves the straw in suitable condition for a baler which is hired next to press the straw into bales for food for the horses, mules, and donkeys.

[231 471 407] The harvesting machinery is privately owned by entrepreneurs in the towns. Simple threshers have been known and used on the Boeotian plain for a generation at least. The combine has appeared only since World War II and the hay baler only since the early 1950's. What accounts for the increasing willingness of the farmers to pay for machine operations on their wheat crop? Unquestionably, the growing efficiency of cotton production and the success of [241 433 242] cotton and tobacco as cash crops enable the farmers to concentrate their labor and attention on cotton and tobacco production and to let the growing cash value of the crops make up for the loss of a certain percentage of the wheat crop. However, chemical fertilizers and weed killers have increased the wheat yields, and since payment for machine harvesting is in kind and not in cash, the entire transaction can be managed at what to the farmers is a minimal cost.

243 437 A household uses its own wheat for making its bread, and bread is still literally the staff of life, the basic food for the people of the village. Wheat is also used for a kind of cereal called *trakhana* and for egg noodles. It is given as [262 438] payment to the shepherds, whose wives turn the wheat income into their families' bread supply. It continues to be used as an alternative medium of exchange for fish, olive oil, olives, coffee, and other household necessities not locally produced. [231] As we have seen, the wheat straw is useful for the care of animals, and finally, in an emergency, some wheat can always be sold for cash.

246 231 A typical farmer of Vasilika reserves four or five *stremata* of his land for oats, barley, and clover. These furnish food for the pack animals not only during the winter, but also in the early summer when the animals are permitted to graze in the oat and clover fields as the crops mature. A small corner of a 244 grain field may be used for lentils and beans, which add to the household's food 262 supply.

248 312 406 The crops which most interest the farmers of Vasilika today are cotton and tobacco. Because of the dry summers in Boeotia cotton production in the region depends on irrigation. The high water-table makes well-pump irrigation feasible. This system is also suited to the patterns of the rural social structure [249 621 427] since it requires no centralized control or authority—each farmer household can dig its own well and work its own pump for its own fields. Any man who has not yet purchased a pump can hire the use of one owned by a farmer with adjacent fields.

Cotton became a significant cash crop for Vasilika around 1936 when one of the farmers who had heard about horse-driven well-pumps set one up for himself and the other farmers soon followed suit. Since World War II, [652 427] British-manufactured diesel pumps bought on the installment plan with credit extended from the Agricultural Bank have replaced the horse-drawn equipment. Diesel pumps, like the tractors, may be rented by the day and the renter pays for fuel also. The market for the use of the pump goes beyond the village itself

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since farmers in neighboring villages whose cotton fields lie adjacent to those of Vasilika's pump owners often want to hire the pumps. Here again, the rent income helps to defray the cost of the machinery.

Work is begun in the cotton fields shortly after the winter rains abate in February or March. Like the wheat fields, the cotton fields are sometimes plowed with horses. But, apart from the two farmers who own tractors, a number of farmers believe that the increased yield from the deeper plowing a tractor furnishes is more than worth the cost of renting the machines. Planting is ordinarily done by hand, but in 1956, a few farmers owned machine planters, and several farmers were borrowing them to try them out for the first time. The utilitarian and essentially nontraditional attitude to farming characteristic of Vasilika's inhabitants is illustrated by what one of the farmers had to say about using a machine planter. "I've planted half of my forty *stremata* of cotton by hand and the other half by machine to see which will turn out better. It's an experiment, you see." The machine planter must have been better, because in 1961 the same farmer had planted all his cotton by machine.

A few rows of maize are planted in the midst of the cotton fields to provide feed for chickens. Boys and young men like to roast and eat a few ears of corn out in the fields in late August, but corn is not considered proper food for human beings, and eating corn bread is believed to be a sign of dire poverty.

Once the cotton starts to grow, in late May and June, the hoeing begins. This is arduous labor which includes weeding, chopping up the weeds, and arranging the chopped weeds around the cotton plants as a mulch. Hoeing is done by the girls and women of the household, although men sometimes help. If a farmer has as many as twenty *stremata* planted to cotton, it is at this point that he may begin to use hired labor. Generally, the women of the village who are not busy in their own cotton fields are called upon first. These are the wives and daughters of the shepherds and the wives and daughters of the few farmers who have small enough land holdings so that their women have time left over after hoeing their own fields. When these supplies of excess labor are exhausted, farmers turn to relatives and non-kin in the neighboring villages.

The hired women who came from other settlements used to live in the house of the farmer who employed them, and used to be fed by him as well. In 1961, however, the farmers were reporting a system they much preferred—the use of tractors and trucks to bring women from the neighboring villages in the early morning and to take them home again in the evening. This obviated the necessity of housing and feeding four or five girls at a time during several different periods in the course of the cotton growing season (cotton is weeded and hand cultivated at least twice and sometimes three or four times during the season). The women of Vasilika's households were especially pleased at the change, because although they enjoyed having the company of the hired women, who danced and sang in the evenings, they very much disliked the additional work involved in housing them. After a long day in the fields, the farmers' wives and daughters had to prepare a hot evening meal for the work crew and, before dawn each morning they had to pack the bread, cheese, and olives which would provide a morning collation and a midday meal in the fields. The de-

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ing keeps out both animal and human thieves. These small plots are not carefully tended and their produce is consumed in a few weeks.

Some mention of the most important vegetable food for the villagers may be included: the wild greens (*khorta*) that grow at the edges of the fields and on the hillside. Collecting the greens, which entails finding, recognizing, and cutting them close to the ground with a small knife, is another task of the women and young girls. Some greens are available all year round and children can collect them when the women are busy. However, on occasion, even men and boys will gather a few on their way home from the fields. *Khorta* are not served every day by any means, but they are a fairly common article of diet.

Some fruit trees are cultivated on the village lands. One farmer has as many as ten apricot trees in his cotton fields, but most have a cherry tree or two in the vineyard, perhaps several fig and peach trees in the wheat fields, and an occasional pear, quince, pomegranate, and mulberry tree on some other holdings. The fruits are eaten as they ripen, except that the women prepare from some of them the sweet preserves which are a necessary adjunct of village hospitality. Homemade *gliko kutalyu* (sweet jam) usually lasts through to midwinter, but after that, the villagers buy what they need.

Home canning or other food preservation, therefore, is not a significant addition to the annual locally produced food supply in Vasilika. Even the recognized need for more fruit preserves has not impelled the women to try to convince their husbands to increase the size of orchards. Tomato paste is an important condiment in village cooking, but again, the farming households buy the commercially canned paste, and the women do not prepare any themselves, although, as we have seen, they raise some tomatoes.

Government agricultural extension agents made an effort in 1954 to convince the young girls to can pears and plums as part of a competition. The government recommended fruit canning to the rural women for several reasons: to improve the winter diet without additional cost, and to encourage the increased cultivation of fruit trees as one means of improving drainage on the land. But there has been no increase in canning or in fruit production, and by 1959, even the prize certificates, which had been displayed on a wall of the *saloni* of the house in 1955 and had drawn our attention to the campaign, had disappeared. When asked, the farmers say they could not adequately guard so many trees and the ripe fruit might be stolen. "Why should our family raise fruit for others to eat?" they said. They shrug their shoulders at the soil drainage argument.

The effect of planting fruit trees is, of course, not immediately visible, nor could an eventual improvement in drainage, if it did occur, be an obvious demonstration of the efficacy of orchards, for the cause-and-effect relationships between the two might be obscured, for the farmers, by all the other variables which affect drainage. The reluctance to embark on long-range improvements which are backed by abstract scientific knowledge not directly observable in the farmer's own experience is in direct contrast to his willingness to try short-range experiments the results of which are easily and immediately demonstrable. Indeed, in 1955, the school teacher was criticized for having the school children

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help in the care of fruit trees that the provincial government had arranged to plant on the highway near the village.

The farmers are willing to try some variations if they can use the techniques they know and understand. Cotton prices had been low in 1958. In 1959, therefore, about four or five of Vasilika's farmers planted some of their cotton lands as melon patches, intending to sell the produce in Levadhia or in Athens. By 1961, they had gone back to raising cotton, because the experiment had failed. One of Vasilika's farmers prefers to use his irrigated land as a truck farm, and he and his son sell the produce in the surrounding villages. He argues that with a vegetable crop the cash returns are faster and he incurs fewer debts.

Livestock

Each of the farm-owning households also maintains some animals. One or two horses, a mule or a donkey, some five to twenty sheep, and one or two goats constitute the range of livestock ownership for each household. The horses, as we have seen, pull the plow and the cultivators in the fields. Together with the mules and donkeys, they also serve as pack animals. The pack saddle of wood and leather is of a design that has remained virtually unchanged from Homeric times. It is used not only for carrying loads, but also for carrying people who ride sidesaddle among the paths, through the fields, and between the villages. Sidesaddle is the normal riding position for both men and women, but in the spring, when the horses are let out to pasture on the hillside, the young men of the village sometimes ride them home bareback, astride, galloping and whooping in what they call *kaouboi* fashion.

The villagers do not give their animals individual names, and they take no particular care to keep them physically comfortable. They will hitch them in the shade of a tree in the fields if that is possible, but the farmers may not remove the saddles for an entire day. The animals are beaten with switches and kicked to make them work, and children are permitted to tease donkeys. Nevertheless, the villagers occasionally pat one of their beasts and sometimes encourage children to kiss the ears of a horse and to feed it a lump of sugar.

Sheep, except for the lambs, are cared for by the shepherds. Of a hardy mountain breed capable of surviving the rigors of Greek pasturage and climate, the sheep as milk and wool producers augment the food supply and sometimes the cash of the farmers. Sheep milk is rarely drunk in liquid form, but yoghurt and cheese are prepared from it. The white cheese is a staple of the villagers' diet. They eat yoghurt less frequently and prepare it only as a special dish in milk season.

The villagers raise a special lamb each year to slaughter at Easter, but otherwise rarely eat lamb or mutton. They will consume a sheep that dies of age or disease, and they slaughter sheep for some special occasion such as a wedding, or someone's name day. At shearing time, wool is boiled in large kettles, washed in the river, sent to town for carding, and then dyed and spun into thread at home by the women.

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into thread at home by the women. In each household the women weave the rugs that are a necessary part of a girl's trousseau with wool from their own sheep—at least as long as it lasts.

Goats are raised for their meat and, in households with young children, for their milk. Adults rarely drink the liquid milk. As a form of pasteurization, the villagers always bring the milk to a boil before serving it, and the children drink the milk while it is still warm. In the more prosperous households, the women use both sheep's and goat's milk as an ingredient for a kind of milk and egg custard pie and for a sweet milk and rice dish served with sugar and cinnamon. But these foods are in a class of special treats and are served mostly in spring and early summer when the milk supply is at its height. Goat meat, however, is often a less elegant substitute for lamb on special occasions. Kids are raised for the Christmas feast, and the measure of the success of a household's participation in the village's *paniyiri* (patron saints' day festival) is expressed by the number of animals (goats and sheep) slaughtered for the feast. The more visitors to the house, the more enjoyable the day is felt to be; the more visitors, of course, the more meat is eaten. When asked whether the *paniyiri* had been successful this year, one farmer answered, "Oh yes; we slaughtered three!"

Chickens are also an additional source of food and sometimes of income for the villagers. Families keep about a dozen fowl. They roam the house yards, (there is an effort made to keep them off the village street, and all hands join in shooing them out of the houses), and roost at night in the stone stables or in the ground-floor storeroom of the houses. The villagers like eggs, and eat them in various ways, but their production is also, of course, seasonal. The chicken is most significant for the part it plays in Greek village hospitality. The villagers will say, "Come to our house for a proper meal (*trapezi*). We'll kill a chicken for you." And that is quite literally what they do. Occasionally enough chicks survive to create a surplus from the household's point of view. Such poultry is sold to buyers who come around from the nearby towns. Chickens are rarely considered an extra source of food for ordinary household consumption.

A watchdog is a common addition to a household's collection of farm animals. The people of Vasilika believe that thievery is a constant danger to be guarded against and prefer, if possible, not to leave their household compounds totally unguarded. Whenever possible, some member of the household stays around the property even if it means sacrificing a visit to a feast at a neighboring village. If all the members of a household are out working in the fields, a dog is left at home. Ordinarily, however, dogs are tied up all day and the farmer, just before he goes to sleep, frees the dog to stand vigil through the night. Dogs are trained to bark at any unusual noise or at the approach of any person who is not a member of the household. The villagers, especially the women, are very much afraid of the dogs and consequently avoid going out at night. On one occasion, when the women and girls of the village had sat together in the church until long after dark, they set out for home with groups of neighbors clustered together, holding on to each other, walking fast, and shuddering and exclaiming with fear at the clamor made by the dogs. It should be added that in actuality, there are few thieves in the village and that the dogs rarely bite anyone.

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Specialization of Labor

233 563 [166] [463] [434] Sheepherding as a specialty is relatively new to the village. Eight of Vasilika's ten shepherds and the members of their households are called *Vlachi* by the villagers. Most of these people come from Agrafa, in Euritania, in the northwestern part of the Greek mainland. Their fathers and grandfathers were shepherds, and the present group in Vasilika is the first generation ever to have settled anywhere with the intention and reasonable hope of staying. They augment the income from their own flocks by caring for those of the farmers as well.

233 563 511 434 [464] [262] [342] From the point of view of the *Vlach* shepherd households headed by men (two are headed by widows), the settlement in Vasilika is a satisfactory change in their circumstances. In the years between 1950 and 1956, they had succeeded in building up their own flocks to the point where the sale of sheep, milk, and wool enabled them to have a small cash income to add to the money their women earned as hired agricultural labor. With a cash income, their diet no longer needed to be restricted largely to bread and cheese. The houses of the shepherds have improved since 1956. By 1961, all the shepherds' families were in houses instead of reed huts, and two of them were living in their own newly built one-room brick houses.

233 563 621 555 87 [641] [435] Perhaps most important to the shepherds' sense of well-being is that they have been admitted to citizenship in the *kinotis* of Vasilika, and that their children are receiving an education. The adult men had had to teach themselves and their children just enough reading and writing to be able to keep track of their commercial transactions through the year. Indeed, one shepherd, when asked what he thought about when he was out alone with his sheep, replied that he spent most of the time calculating how many sheep and how much milk to sell under the different possible price conditions of the coming season. What pleases the shepherds in Vasilika is that their children will have, as a result of a more formal education, some opportunities to follow a calling other than that of shepherd. In 1961, one of the shepherd's sons had already successfully completed a year at the gymnasium. Some of their daughters have married into the farm families of Vasilika, and even if these farmers are among the less prosperous in the village, such a marriage conveys prestige on the girl and her family in the eyes of the shepherd community.

233 563 571 621 Finally, the shepherds are grateful for the fact that several of them are settled in the same village and that it is possible for them sometimes to herd their flocks together. They are less lonely—they have company (*parea*)—and to have companions to talk to is considered a basic good by all the people of Vasilika.

463 445 In the first chapter, the movement of itinerant traders, vendors, artisans, and professionals into Vasilika was mentioned. The village has no resident carpenters, stonemasons, saddle-makers, barbers, tailors, or doctors; but the very existence of such specialists and the expectation that they will come from time to time, demonstrate an important characteristic of the household economy of

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Vasilika

445 them. But Vasilika's farmers easily fit the need for mechanics into their old
463 patterns.

[433] The constant utilization of specialists means that the farmers and shepherds of Vasilika have not for generations expected to be economically self-sufficient, but have always assumed that some part of their produce either had [178] to be sold to buy services or had to be directly exchanged for them. The innovations since 1950, which have increased the proportion of cash crops raised, have involved no new concepts, nor have they required the development of any new attitudes. What has happened has been an extension and intensification of the already existing patterns. This is equally true of the purchase of foods as it is of skills. Olive oil, macaroni products, coffee, sugar, lemons, and dried fish have long been common articles of diet for the villagers and have never been produced in the area. Additional income has increased the consumption of these items and has made for somewhat greater varation in the diet, but the assumption that a considerable amount of food must be purchased is an old one.

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461 517 356 463 Specialization in Vasilika has noneconomic consequences as well. Since a village farmer who has time to spare from his work in the fields and from his care of his draught animals does not spend it on repair and maintenance chores on his property, he has the time to go to the coffeehouse to sit and talk. In the late fall, one farmer kept saying, "A few more days of work, and then we will sit in the store. We sit all winter." Although he exaggerated the situation, his comments represented the regular expectation that for men, at least, relief from field chores was a relief from *all* kinds of work. The division of labor characteristic of the Boeotian countryside gives the men of Vasilika some true leisure time.

463 626 183 The foregoing discussion of specialization and division of labor in the Boeotian countryside should not leave an impression of a rigid set of expectations from which there are never any deviations. Although the pattern is a clear one, as in so many other aspects of the culture of Vasilika, individual variation, even to the point of reversing the ordinary expectation, is tolerated. For example, one farmer decided to construct a new oven for himself without the help of a stonemason or bricklayer. Everyone watched the progress of the small structure with interest but without any special comment. When, unfortunately, the entire structure collapsed just before it was finished, the men in the coffeehouse thought it a great joke and laughed heartily at the farmer's discomfiture. Only then did they remark on his lack of good sense in not getting an expert to do the job. He was not condemned for attempting to do something different; but he was ridiculed all the more strongly when he did not succeed. In less striking instances, farmers often assist an artisan with his work, and may even occasionally try their hands at whitewashing or laying a few bricks and the like. The point here however, is that it is neither a matter of pride nor of pleasure to have skills in many activities, and men and women alike prefer to avoid the chance of making themselves look ridiculous by trying to do something at which they are not certain to succeed.

178 241 433 Many of the economic patterns described in this and the previous chapter have become characteristic on the Boeotian plain only within the last twenty-five years, with considerable acceleration of change since 1950. Farmers in their

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wedding to take the *rukba* and the house furnishings she has received as gifts to the groom's home. The groom hires a truck to do the job, not because there is so much furniture, but because of the quantity of *rukba*. A Vasilika girl is expected to have woven at home approximately thirty sheets, six light blankets, two heavy woolen carpets, five lighter woolen floor coverings, five coarse woolen blankets, four mattress covers, ten carry-all bags or sacks, two heavy ornamental table covers, one red-and-white striped and one blue-and-white striped tablecloth with twelve napkins to match each of the cloths, six cotton face towels, and two long cotton towels for the tray in which loaves of bread are left to rise before baking. To this accumulation she will add several pieces that are bought from itinerant merchants and embroidered at home. Also purchased, usually in town, are white sheets, pillow cases, and turkish towels as well as the material for about six pairs of curtains. Furniture consisting of a wooden wardrobe, a bed, a table, and some chairs may be added, as are the cooking and serving utensils given to the girl as gifts. The colorful collection fills a small pick-up truck, and the sight of one of these on the road with laughing and singing young men crowding whatever space is left is a sure sign of a wedding. On Sunday morning the groom's party, including his marriage sponsor (*kumbaros*), arrive at the house of the bride. The *kumbaros* leads the group to the house, only to find the door closed and locked. He begs that the door be opened. The girls inside giggle and demand 1,000 drachmas to open the door. After some bargaining, the *kumbaros* gives a five-drachma piece and the party comes in. It is the *kumbaros* who rents the bride's white wedding gown, provides the wedding crowns, the large white candles which are held at the ceremony, and the *kufeta*, the sugar covered almonds arranged in small packages of white netting, tied with a white ribbon, which he distributes to each of the guests after the ceremony. After the wedding feast, for which musicians are hired so that the guests can sing and dance, the bride is accompanied to the groom's home by her brothers and sometimes a sister. The women, including the bride, all cry as they leave the girl with her new husband.[2] But even among farmers these customs are changing, and in recent years the bride and groom have taken to leaving the wedding guests to go off on a short honeymoon.

Disposition of Dower Property

After the marriage of a farmer, the couple is settled in the man's village, usually in the home of his parents. The groom has acquired some parcels of land in his wife's village and a small hoard of cash as well. For the first few years of his marriage, he may go to his wife's village to work the land himself, or he may contract with his father-in-law or with one of his brothers-in-law to work it for him on shares. Either way he will have occasion to visit his wife's village and to have some association with her father and brothers. In the meantime, he is likely to be looking for an opportunity to exchange land with a farmer who

[2] The description of the engagement and wedding ceremonies is not complete. The details selected are meant to give only an impression of the nature of these affairs.

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Vasilika

[Good Friday]

796 morning, small boys went from house to house crying, *"Mavros in o uranos,"* [778] "The sky is black," and they were given money or eggs. Meanwhile, the girls [788] of the village worked inside the church covering with wild flowers the sedan-chairlike wooden frame in which an oil painting of Jesus on his bier was to be carried around the village that night. The frame and the icon together are called the *epitafios*. The girls seemed thoroughly to enjoy the morning's work, and they 796 laughed, giggled, jostled each other, and called out orders. Occasionally they 562 sang as they worked. It appeared also as if they were taking particular joy in being inside the church with no men to restrain them. They took turns sprawling over the stalls in which, as females, they rarely sat during a service. They also went up to the chanters' stand and recited some of the cantilations which were to be sung that night—the girls can follow the liturgy only silently during the [778] course of the actual service. Some of the younger girls even dared each other to go behind the panel to the altar, a place forbidden to females, but none actually did. They seemed uneasy and were even frightened at the suggestion.

796 The church bell rang at 2:20 that afternoon. The priest, with one of the 788 chanters and his son, performed the service in the course of which he brought the icon from behind the altar, covered it with a white cloth and placed it in its bower. In accordance with the symbolic re-enactment of the event, only the women and girls (and a few schoolboys) were in the church at the time. Once the icon was in place and strewn with flowers, the priest and then the children [764] went up to kiss it. The priest explained that it should be done slowly and deliberately, exactly as it was done for the dead in the village funeral rituals.

Good Friday services began that night at 9:00. At 11:00 the *epitafios* was carried out of the church by four boys. These marched in procession with the *epitafios* behind boys carrying the *lavara* (standards). Behind the *epitafios* walked the priest and the chanters. The rest of the villagers followed holding candles to light the way as the *epitafios* was carried around the entire village. As the bells of the three village churches pealed, and the children chanted *"Enas ine o theos"* and *"Panayia dhespina,"* "God is one" and "Our Lady, the All Holy One," the villagers picked their way carefully over the stones and ruts as they climbed the hillside, circled the whole settlement, and climbed down again on the other side. When the procession reached the church door once more, the boys held the bier high so that the returning congregation passed into the church under it. The service was over shortly after midnight.

796 On Holy Saturday, sweet Easter breads with red eggs inside were dis- [262] played, other eggs were dyed red, last minute finishing touches were given to Easter clothes and last house-cleaning chores were completed. Some people [461] slaughtered the Easter lamb on Saturday, others waited until Sunday. In the meantime, field chores went on as usual. Everyone rested for a few hours, from about 9:00 Saturday night until the Easter Sunday services began shortly after [788] midnight. These lasted until 4:00 in the morning, with two periods of climax. [787] The first occurred when all the lights in the church were put out and the priest kindled the new light. The boys rushed up to see who could be the first to light his own candle from that of the priest's. They said the winner would be the first of the boys to be married. The rest of the congregation then lit its

2:Friedl E-5 (1955-1959)463 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

candles from the priest's, or from each other's if they got impatient waiting to reach the priest. The second climax was, of course, the moment when, with the entire congregation standing outside the church, the priest announced, *"Khristos anesti,"* "Christ is risen," and the boys set off firecrackers.

After the service, people took a short nap, because by 6:00 in the morning, final preparations for Easter dinner would start. As has already been indicated, families joined with neighbors or relatives to eat the spit-roasted Easter lamb. Visiting relatives moved about to greet the villagers they knew. Baptisms, which had been arranged for the afternoon because prospective godparents enjoyed visiting the village at Easter, took place in the church, and the white baptismal clothes of the babies added sparkle to all the Easter finery. After an afternoon service in the church of St. Nicholas, the musicians came, settled in the *aghora,* and dancing began. But fewer villagers participated in either the dancing or the watching than at Carnival, because people preferred to spend more time at home with their visiting relatives. Nevertheless, a good crowd kept the *aghora* musicians occupied until eight in the evening, after which singing could be heard here and there about the village. The next day some of the young boys claimed to have been up singing half the night.

The description just given is only a brief outline of the main events and lacks many details of the village's celebration of Easter. My purpose in including it here is to illustrate the point that Carnival and Holy Week are times at which the Greek Orthodox rites and the accompanying customs provide activities in which all villagers participate at the same time and within the confines of Vasilika. Even under these circumstances, however, the visiting relatives act as a countervailing centrifugal force, pulling each family in the direction of its extra-village interests, as they use the holiday visit as an opportunity for family consultations on the problems of the coming year, and as the visitors tell of their lives in other villages, in towns, and in the cities.

Vasilika's *paniyiri,* the feast day of its patron saints, St. Cosmos and St. Damian, on the 1st of July, is another occasion when a religious event is celebrated by the entire village and draws visitors to the community. Other holy days and Sunday masses do not draw all the villagers together in the same way. School children are the most faithful communicants for regular Sunday mass; a small proportion of women and girls attend regularly, but the rest of the inhabitants appear to attend sporadically, as they please. During periods of heavy agricultural work, mass may be omitted on a Sunday. For the most part, individuals and families, rather than the village, are the units for participation in the formal religious activity of the settlement.

The Villagers as Greeks

To summarize the situation, the formal organization of the village community, the *kinotis,* provides neither autonomy in village affairs nor a unified structure. Decisions made by the village leaders are subject to approval by outside political authorities. Governmental, commercial, religious, and educa-

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A VILLAGE FESTIVAL

When the Metropolitan was suitably attired he took his silver-headed stick and we set out in a little procession towards the cathedral church of St. Demetrius, which towers above the wretched cottages that surround it like some great vessel among her attendant tugs. The Metropolitan and myself were preceded by the parish priest, while well ahead there danced a certain Anargyri, whose daily joy and responsibility it is to remove straying cattle and goats from the Bishop's path, to wave to their feet the loungers on doorsteps, the coffee drinkers and those who play *trictrac* in their leafy retreats; finally, to silence the village's solitary gramophone and other profane noises. As our little procession hove in sight, the bell-ringer, stationed among his charges at the summit of the campanile, shattered the slumbers of all who had immoderately prolonged their siesta, and we made our way up the steps into the narthex of a surprisingly lofty church.

After evensong we returned, somewhat less formally, to the Bishop's cottage for supper—a simple meal of potatoes and fruit (by reason of the fast) which was shared by his two nephews, both of them orphans. I slept that night at an inn adjoining the cottage-metropolis.

The following morning, it being Sunday, we were in church from a quarter to seven until a little after ten. The liturgy ended, the colonel in charge of the local garrison drove us out in his jeep to the village of Granitsi, high on the wooded hills above the plateau, where we sat under a great oak while the villagers came to greet their father in God and brought little gifts of fruit and honey.

At evensong in the cathedral that evening, while the cantors sang of:

> Things creeping innumerable,
> Both small and great beasts,

a dormouse appeared from behind the cupboard where the liturgical books were stored, and sat most devoutly before the beautiful doors for a considerable space. The Bishop told me afterwards that it was the first mouse—the colloquial *pontikos*, with a twinkle at my use of the classical word—he had seen in the church during the four years that had elapsed since his consecration as Metropolitan of the smallest and poorest see of Greece.

The old diocese of Nevrokopi had included 120 communities. After the first Balkan war, however, it had been partitioned, and ninety of its villages as well as the town of Nevrokopi now lie within Bulgarian

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796 788 priest resumed his place before the doors and took up anew the litanies which properly pertain to the deacon's liturgy:

> For the precious gifts which have been offered,
> For this holy temple, and for those who enter it in faith, reverence and the fear of God . . .

while the reiterated *Kyrie eleison* of the singers rose and fell and we commended "ourselves and one another and all our life to Christ our God".

At the cry: "The doors, the doors!" all became suddenly alert, and a young girl—one of those celebrating their name-day—pushed through the crowd of women and children who filled the space between the lectern of the singers and the eikonostasis on the north side of the church and, standing before the eikon of the Mother of God, read the Nicene Creed. The Bishop commenced the great eucharistic prayer and the climax of the liturgy drew near. After the loaves that remained over from 796 778 the consecrated bread had been blessed, the Bishop sent me, by the hand of his assistant, a portion bearing the seal IC . XC . NI . KA: how many a ●262 788 holy custom have we forfeited in exchanging the *artos* of scripture and primitive tradition for the *azymes* which bear no evident relation to the common bread which one bakes and breaks at home, or to the daily toil of ordinary men and women. In Greece the bread and the wine [793] that are brought to the altar are the very same as those which are eaten and drunk at home, and such loaves as remain over after the distribution of the blessed bread—the *antidoron* (literally, 'instead of the gift')—go to the parish priest; so, we may recall, the English Prayer Book requires that: "the Bread be such as is usual to be eaten. . . . And if any of the Bread and Wine remain unconsecrated the Curate shall have it to his own use."

Came the solemn pronouncement of the Lord's words: "This is my body. . . . This is my blood", and the great cry "Thine of thine own we offer to thee . . ." and then the Bishop knelt before the holy table and called upon God to "send down thy Holy Spirit upon us and upon these thy gifts, and make this bread the precious body of thy Christ, and that which is in this cup the precious blood of thy Christ, changing them by thy Holy Spirit", while the singers softly intoned their hymn of adoring praise, and the holy people of God stood with bowed heads in the pools of sunlight, veiled by the slowly spiralling haze of incense.

796 788 178 In some parts of Greece where movements such as the Brotherhood

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peculiar Saint, especially those to whom they are particularly devoted. These jolly Easterlings, when they hear . . . that the Christians pretending to be Reformed in the West, do utterly hate and abjure all such Practices as *Heathenish* and *Prophane*, must think them all the vilest Miscreants living.

When the last of the *antidoron* had been distributed, Anargyri had replaced the mitre in its brass box, and the Metropolitan had concluded a long conversation with the churchwardens about the best method of shoring up the roof—a section of which was sagging ominously—we left the church and made our way to the dwelling of the parish priest where a vast table had been erected in the shade of a vine. There we feasted until it was high afternoon: the Lord Agathangellos, the president of the community, the *kapetanios* of the militia, the *papas*, the schoolmaster, Anargyri, the churchwardens, the singers and several officers from the garrison of Nevrokopi who had accompanied us to Dasoto that morning.

It was not by any means my first experience of a village festival: a few months earlier I might well have been deceived into thinking that the bowls of eggs, goat's milk cheese, olives, and finely-shredded vegetables soaked in oil and lemon which appeared with the *ouzo* constituted the substance of the feast and not a mere *hors d'oeuvre*. Now I knew better, and I was not surprised when the clearing of the table by the *papadia* and her daughters after forty minutes proved to be no more than a prelude to a banquet of an altogether more serious character.

As the dishes came and went and the dark wine flowed freely, I recalled Dr. Covel's description of another such festival at the great Athonite house of Iveron: "The best monkish fare that could be gotten was provided, excellent fish (severall ways), oyl, salet, beanes, hortechockes, beets . . . chees, onions, garlick, olives, caveor, Pyes of herbs, φακαὶς, κτωπόδι; pepper, salt, saffron in all. At last conserved little oranges, most exquisite, good wine (a sort of small claret), and we alwayes drank most plentifully. . . . He is no Greek that cannot drink twenty or thirty plump glasses at a setting."

After the feast there was dancing, and the sun was low in the west when we drove back to Nevrokopi. The day drew to a close amongst the eikons of those who had finished their course, with those yet in the way of salvation joining with one voice in the ancient canticle, *Hail! Gladdening Light*, to the praise and glory of the Holy Trinity.

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THE WATERS OF MARAH

346 792 [406] *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* "Unhappily", said Father Callinicos, as we waited at the foot of the precipice and Gregorios unsaddled the pony, "there have been regrettable changes; formerly there was great security." The windlass, it appeared, was now used only for hauling up firewood and victuals. We took a last look at the leeks, now 100 feet above our heads, and entered the dark passage which gives access to the steps leading to the monastery. Agathangellos was awaiting us outside the now disused refectory: a youngish monk, clad in a tattered grey cassock and soft cap, who had come to the Meteora, we subsequently discovered, in 1939. He carried us off to the guest-chamber (little used in these days) and left us among the faded memorials of former splendour while he went in search of refreshment. A few minutes later the insistent clamour of the *semandron* summoned us to vespers in the fine *catholicon*, dating from the middle of the sixteenth century, where Athanasius the Athonite, clad in the habit of a western monk, looks down from the apse—a fragment of an earlier church on the same site, built by Ioasaph in 1388. A frugal supper of vegetables, goats' milk cheese and bread followed, and afterwards we sat on wooden stools round a fire of brushwood and talked to the *Igoumenos* and the other members of his little family, while Agathangellos busied himself in the kitchens, where cats as lean as the stylite saints depicted in the frescoes of the narthex lurked in the shadows. Father Callinicos, we discovered, had been at the Great Meteoron for nearly forty years. There was one other priest in the community: a Father Theophylaktos who had lived in the Athonite house of Xeropotamou for several years as a simple monk before he was ordained and came to Thessaly in 1935. Another monk—also named Callinicos—had been carried off by the Italians and had died in exile. Apart from Father Agathangellos, the only remaining member of the community was a very ancient personage named Paul who appeared to lead the life of a solitary, and whom we but dimly discerned amidst the shadows of the church. Gregorios, who had accompanied us from Kalambaka, was no monk but a married man with a wife and several children, lately returned to their village in the mountains to the west of Trikkala. We encountered him again some ten days later, breasting a snow-covered ridge among the foothills of Pindos with a couple of heavily-laden pack-animals, and accompanied by a little troop of refugees on their way home after three years in Kalambaka.

[796] [262] [352] [372] 792

[796] [346] Shortly after eight o'clock Father Agathangellos reappeared with a

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pended in the void, without visible contact with the world which we had revisited the previous afternoon. We returned to the *Igoumenos'* cell and sat and talked around a brazier filled with glowing charcoal, while we waited for the weather to moderate. Father Christopher told us of his own experiences during the troubled years of war; how he had been thrown into prison at Trikkala by the Italians and had escaped by jumping from a window; how several years later he had been carried off by the Communists in company with some 300 men, women and children from Kalambaka, and had been in the mountains for six days before his release; he told us too of the great monastery where he had taken the monastic habit, and of its 366 cells. Father Ambrose joined our little circle and catechised us as to our age, our families, were our parents living, were we married or *agamos*: "Certainly marriage is of God; a soldier from England and a *koritsi* from Piraeus, and God joins them. Truly, this is a great mystery, as says the apostle."

So the morning passed and at midday Father Bessarion reappeared with bean soup and bread for our lunch. By one o'clock the snow had somewhat abated, and since the visibility had increased sufficiently to enable us to see the monastery of Rosani, 500 yards distant, we decided to set out for St. Stephen where we were expected that evening. The *Igoumenos* and Father Ambrose advised us to take the easier, though less direct, path by way of Kalambaka; but being reluctant to add two miles or more to our journey in such weather we insisted on following the path which keeps to the high ground. Father Bessarion accompanied us a little way, and then, since the weather seemed to be improving, he left us after giving us precise directions as to our route.

All went well for a time, despite the fact that the path was entirely obscured beneath the drifting snow, and Rosani (formerly the dwelling of an aged female solitary) gradually faded from our view. Shortly afterwards, however, the mist thickened until visibility was but a few yards, and it was not long before we were in difficulties. For a time we crept along the edge of the abyss, edging our way cautiously across expanses of bare rock scoured by the wind, a thin coating of ice affording none save the most precarious foothold, until it seemed that we must be within a stone's throw of Aghia Trias. Alas! there were no monks left to answer our shouts; no slight thinning of the mist afforded us a momentary glimpse of the encompassing heights such as would have sufficed to give us our bearings. For three hours we wandered in an unfamiliar world until, an hour before dark, the mist lifted somewhat,

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THE HISTORY OF A COUNTRY PARSON

He had set out from Palaiochori at half-past two that morning, and with the moon often obscured by clouds and with drifts of snow lying deep in places, it was well past ten before he reached the town. We had taken refuge from the bitter winds that scoured the valley of the Peneios and brought sudden flurries of snow down the pass from the mountains above Metsovo, in one of the dimly lighted taverns that open off the main street, and were deep in conversation with the president and schoolmaster from a village away to the north-eastward of Kalambaka when Papa Costas arrived. We shared a further bottle of ouzo and he invited us to lunch in his cottage.

He had come down, he told us, to do some shopping, and was off to Trikkala the next morning. He would return to Palaiochori early the following day. Why did we not come with him and see with our own eyes the ruined villages of Pindos? Mitsos—a cousin, we subsequently discovered—would be in Kalambaka with the remaining animals the next evening and there would be mounts to spare if we would come. We were not afraid of *katsapliades*? We fairly jumped at the suggestion —*katsapliades* indeed! I sat down there and then and addressed a hasty note to the Lord Theokletos, Metropolitan of Grevena, which was carried off by Athanasi and put aboard the afternoon bus to Trikkala, informing him that I should be several days later in reaching his diocese on the fringes of Macedonia than I had supposed. We laid our plans for the journey, and the light was failing as we set out to climb to the monastery of St. Stephen where we were expected that evening.

Two days later we left the monastery at daybreak: all the monks were ill, and, since Basil was away in Trikkala, we had ourselves to unbar the massive doors that open on to the encompassing abyss. Forty minutes after leaving St. Stephen we were breaking our fast at Papa Costas' cottage: scraps of pork, bread soaked in oil, cognac and retsina. Our priest-carpenter had brought back from Trikkala a great saw, and a pig to be fattened against the following winter. The pig, despite loud protestations, was tied up in a sack and slung from his owner's saddle:

"He has a splendid voice—we must make a *psaltes* of him when we get him back to Palaiochori."

We led our horses out along the Metsovo road. Papa Costas' niece, Katina, had been staying at the 'town-house' for the festival and was returning with her uncle to Palaiochori. On the outskirts of Kalambaka we overtook a party of homeward-bound refugees, their beasts heavy-laden with bedding and great copper pans. A little way out of the town

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THE WATERS OF MARAH

123 793 484 we abandoned the road and struck across the valley towards the river Peneios. The water lapped about our horses' bellies as we forded the swiftly flowing stream, and the potential *psaltes* had a ducking and screeched in muffled protest. Amongst the low hills beyond the river the going was far from easy, and several times we were obliged to dismount and lead our slithering beasts across some particularly difficult stretch of terrain.

About eleven o'clock—soon after we had left the dilapidated cottages [342] and recently rebuilt church of Vanakoulia to our left—we halted outside what had evidently once been a substantial stone house, but which had been burned down and only lately repaired by means of rough-hewn timbers supporting sheets of corrugated iron thrown across the ruins. Here lived Father Constantinos' godparents: well advanced in years and in wisdom, with four sons serving in the army. We broached the cognac and warmed ourselves at the hearth, while the old lady opened [262] one of the wooden chests that lined the tottering walls and brought out walnuts and the golden apples in which this part of Thessaly abounds.

Setting out again a little before noon we descended from the ridge crowned by the ruins of Vanakoulia, and turned eastwards up the boulder-strewn bed of the Aspropotamos. Throughout the rest of the day we journeyed in a desolate landscape of bleached plane trees and white stones, ground and polished by the melting snows; picking our way amongst the boulders of water courses or leading our beasts delicately along narrow paths—mere scratches in the face of the rock—winding high above the torrents and the frozen pools, the long snowy ridges of Pindos far above us.

123 793 It was nearly dark when we reached Palaiochori. Mitsos stabled the tired beasts, and the exhausted *psaltes*—long past speech or feeling—was tipped out of his sack into a pile of straw where he lay motionless. [875] Papa Costas led the way upstairs to the living quarters of his parsonage where we were welcomed by his *papadia* and the schoolmistress, a young girl lately come from Ioannina. We supped sitting tailor-wise before the fire, and soon afterwards the women brought in piles of rugs, Papa Costas divested himself of his outer *rason*, and, commending ourselves to the protection of the all-merciful God and of His saints, we all lay down on the floor and were asleep in a twinkling.

In the morning, after breaking our fast with a glass of cognac and a [262] few walnuts, we went to see the church of St. Bessarion. Papa Costas, [346] Mitsos and the churchwardens accompanied us. The interior of the

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mingling strangely with the merchants and tobacco-workers who throng the quays and sip ouzo outside the taverns which sprawl against the low cliff below the old Turkish quarter of the town. Here, under the canvas awnings, one may meet the visitors at close quarters; one may discern the strange aroma, redolent of incense, garlic, fish, tar, resin, the smoke of candles and the salt Aegean, which clings to their garments and persons, defying analysis. Here too the careful observer may note the unwonted mingling of ecclesiastical and nautical attire which characterises these monastic seafarers: a black gown parted to reveal a rope-girt cassock and sea-boots; the cuff of the seaman's jersey peeping from beneath the monkish robe. These seafaring monks from Athos are a race apart, rarely to be seen among ordinary mortals save on the wind-swept quay at Salonica, supervising the discharge of a cargo of timber, or munching sour herbs soaked in lemon in the harbourside taverns at Cavalla.

To the casual beholder, however, the ordinary Greek ecclesiastic is no less plainly a man set apart from other men. Whatever may have come to be sanctioned in the outward garb of Orthodox clergy ministering to congregations in America or western Europe, a rigid conservatism prevails throughout the length and breadth of Greece. Here, at least, far from the corrupting influence of the Frank, the holy canons are faithfully observed. This is true above all of those which relate to the use of (or, rather, abstinence from) razor and scissors: the notion lingers on that in the divine economy there is some mysterious connexion between the orthodoxy of an ecclesiastical personage and the length of his beard; a beardless bishop would be unthinkable. "All the Greek Ecclesiasticks", observes a seventeenth-century traveller, "count it a great Glory to have store of Hair on their Crown, and all about their Ears, as well as on their Beards; and many old Monks, Hermits, and Anchorets, have I seen at Athos and elsewhere with their Hair both very thick and very long." And Mandeville tells us that "the Grekis also seye, that wee synne dedly, in schavynge oure Berdes. For the Berd is tokene of a Man, and gifte of oure Lord." This fidelity to the letter of the canons and to immemorial custom gives the Greek cleric a sufficiently distinctive appearance. The *papas* with his straggling beard, his hair gathered up in a bun and his tall *kalymmafchion*, is a familiar and accepted figure in all strata of Greek society.

The outdoor habit of all the clergy, from the "Prelates and topping

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
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Kotta

[Hill Villages]

000
722
511
669
457
262
164
263
669
722
621
161
162
669
728
621
161

who stayed home. When the Greek army interrupted communication with the outside world this vital supply of cash was cut off. In 1947, therefore, the villagers were trying to spread out four months' food over the twelve months of the year.

Their diet was cornbread and little else. Nearly all of their sheep, whose milk had once helped to correct the deficiencies of a maize diet, had been slaughtered during the occupation; and the prevalence of skin diseases and a certain lassitude in their movements clearly indicated that malnutrition was added to undernourishment. They missed salt more acutely than anything else. There had been none in the village for several weeks when I was there.

Kotta remained in guerrilla hands until August 1949. It was luckier than some of its neighboring communities inasmuch as there was no fighting in the immediate environs, so that the houses of the village escaped without more than casual damage. But the villagers could not escape from famine, nor from disease that naturally followed in the wake of prolonged and drastic undernourishment. When I returned in 1956, the population of the village had shrunk to 188, less than one third of what it had been in 1947. The average number of persons per family had declined to 2.4, whereas in 1947 families with fewer than three children were a rarity and five or six children per family was closer to the average.

About one hundred of the former inhabitants of the village were simply missing. They had gone off, in desperation, looking for food or safety and had not come back. Most, presumably, had died or been killed. In addition, the village priest said that about fifty of the village men were known to have been killed while serving with the guerrillas; and five families had moved west across the Albanian frontier in 1949 when the guerrilla retreat took place. But the largest single factor in the decline of population was the removal of the village children by the guer-

/16 cont./

The young lady at home virtually becomes a slave. She has to prepare warm water and wash the feet of her father and mother-in-law, do the washing, cooking, sewing, cleaning and work at the loom to prepare cloth for the family. The son has no right to object to the demands of his parents, for the services they expect /17/ from his wife. This custom throughout many centuries has become a part of their philosophy of life and naturally is a part of the good qualities of women.

The work of the women is not seasonal as the men's is. The rush of the summer season decreases in the winter months but the women have to weave, knit, sew, cook, wash the family's clothes and attend the chores. The men during the winter months come together in coffee houses and spend their day in sipping coffee, reading the newspaper and discussing politics.

Work of Husbands.

Unlike many agricultural counties where the work of the husband is more or less distributed more evenly throughout the year, here we have one crop farming that occupies the men for a few months and the rest of the year is spent in the coffee house, which serve as centers of discussion and relaxation. The effect of the coffee houses is great on the individuals.

On bazaar days the husband goes to the market where he spends his time either buying articles of food for his family or to meet his friends and study the market prices of certain commodities.

The long day. During sowing season and harvesting season, which lasts four months of the year, the family /18/ spends long daily hours in the fields. The long hours of work during the rush season obliges the farmer to take his whole family to the fields and enough food to spend the week there. Due to the systems of dividing the land, a farmer besides having six patches scattered on all sides of the village, has to walk 6 miles from the village to get to his fields. Thus the distance and the rush of the work obliges the farmer to sleep in the fields. The usual diet on such long days of hard work is white cheese, black bread, yugourt,

/18 cont./

ripe olives, salty fish and plenty of wine or whisky. It has been an accepted principle among the farmers to buy plenty of tonic, that is whisky, during rush work seasons. Lack of proper food and care makes the children an easy prey for diseases.

Trading. The centuries-old method to use money as seldom as possible and to exchange goods still holds true, and it is one of the most satisfactory ways of trade under such conditions. There are several ways through which trading is done. Two bazaar days or market days are held very close to the village. One is 4 miles and the other is 5 miles. The largest is in the city of Kilkis which draws farmers from 160 villages. All the roads leading to Kilkis are jammed with every kind /19/ of travelling beast and every kind of farm products. Most people walk loaded either with live poultry, eggs, skins, butter, cheese, vegetables, wheat, etc. Very seldom one finds any person with money unless he decides to buy an animal. All these goods are exchanged in the city market either between farmers or farmers and urban people or merchants. The merchant weighs the butter and at once calculates how many pounds of sugar it can buy or live oil, or fish, or spaghetti, etc. If the farmer thinks it was a good offer the transaction is made at once, but if the farmer thinks it was too little he starts bargaining and the discussion back and forth may result in a fight or break off relations. Everything in the market is sold through bargaining. Those that do not know how to bargain usually hire expert bargainers. The most interesting part of the bazaar is the animal section. Here the buyers or the expert bargainers are called "jampaz" (tricky man). They are expert in buying and selling animals, and they are highly paid for their services. These people are well trained in animal judging and experts in telling the age of the animals. They are dressed up more uniformly and their pocket books are swollen up with money.

In the afternoon the tide of the farmers is toward /20/ their villages. The farmers go to and from the bazaar loaded. Usually they carry the load on their shoulders or use an animal. In

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/52 cont./	
Stable & straw room built	6,000
Opened a well	3,000
Deposit in the savings bank	2,000
Total	46,160 = $262

From the above accounts we find that the largest single item of income is from wheat, which comprises over 60% of the whole income. This shows the importance of the crop not only for market but for the family consumption. Even in the expense accounts wheat used for /53/ bread is one of the largest items. Next to wheat come the animal products and the animals. One can easily see that the basic diet of the farmers is bread. 840 okes, or 2362.80 pounds of wheat makes 3544.20 lbs. of bread for four persons a year or 886.05 lbs of bread per person per year or 2.5 lbs. of bread daily per person. This is not the highest, but a little below the average.

In the expense account we find clothing and building construction the largest expense items. The 6,227 drs. are spent, in a year, for clothing the family. This is above the average. Usually the clothing bill runs low, depending on the amount of cloth mothers can weave. Even though a large part of the cloth is produced in the village still the yarn has to be bought from the market.

Next to this the largest cash bill is that of the doctors. This fluctuates from year to year, depending on the intensity and extensiveness of malaria and other diseases.

The vegetable crop is another item that needs some explanation. The farmer produced only 15% of his vegetable consumption. Lack of knowledge of vegetable growing forces him to this extra expense. The soil and climate are suitable for him to raise enough varieties /54/ of vegetables the year around. This is proved by the fact that the vegetables he buys are produced locally by specialized vegetable gardeners.

/32 cont./ few handmade embroideries. Seldom one finds a bedstead, but boards nailed together serve as a bedstead. 511 352

How is the money spent? The men keep the money and the accounts but the women save the money from the eggs and the poultry which they sell. The man never gives an account to the wife of how he spends his money. She is supposed to work hard but should not question how and why the money was spent. The farmer is interested only in his farm enterprise, that is his oxen, implements, seed and repair of the buildings. The women are responsible for the rest. Often conflicts take place due to the stinginess of the husband to spend money for clothing of his wife and children and for food. It is not unusual to find men spending money for getting drunk or gambling. 511 594 [451]

Some farmers do spend their money in buying more animals, implements and improving their poorly built houses. A large part of the money is spent in buildings. The more the farmer becomes urbanized the more his needs increase. 511 241 [454]

/33/ Food consumption. The main diet is bread. The people used to prepare three kinds of cereal from wheat and barley. Barley is shelled and cracked and used for soup with milk. The wheat is boiled, dried and then finely cracked and used as cereal. The wheat flour is baked with sour milk and tomato juice, dried and when pulverized is used for soup. Macaroni is prepared from wheat flour, dried in the oven and stored for winter. 262 • [251]

Besides the above they have dried beans, chick peas, canned dry cheese. During Christmas they all kill a pig which they cook and keep it till late in summer. The lard is used for cooking. Since vegetables are plentiful they supplement the starch foods. Milk is precious and found only during spring and summer months when pasture is plenty. Eggs and poultry are luxuries and are sold on the market. Seldom the family kills a chicken. The diet centers around wheat products and vegetables. Pickled cabbage, cucumbers, tomatoes, peppers and bread are the best combinations for hard work. Olives and olive oil are consumed daily with bread. The basic fat in cooking is olive oil or linseed oil. [438]

/66 cont./
are so affected by the circulating stories that they send their [illegible]
patients to /67/ the Saints as their last resort.

Crosses and certain signs are carried by strong believers. The evil eye is strongly believed in and special written prayers wrapped up in waterproof cloth hang around their necks.

Cleanliness is an asset of the Caucasians and they take weekly baths and change their clothes. The Thracians, who live more the primitive type of life, never bathe their bodies but only their heads. They still believe that the holy oil which the priest put on them at their baptism is on their body and bathing may wash it away. The influence of this belief is less among the younger generation and in the near future it may disappear. One would naturally expect more disease and sickness among the filthy Thracians, but just the opposite is proved by the figures of a survey. These people do not cooperate so strongly with the doctor and the nurse and still they have the healthiest children, the least disease and the lowest death rate. The diet of the Thracians is poorer than that of the Caucasians. They seldom cook and eat mostly raw vegetables, poorly-baked whole wheat bread, but more /68/ dairy products, such as cheese, milk, and sour milk (yoghourt).

Their clothing is made out of wool. Men, women, and children, even in the hot summers, wear woolen clothes.

Washing the teeth is unknown among these people, except among those who have had a chance to go to high school or worked in cities. There was one dentist in the nearby city and the area and the city included had a population of 130,000. He could not make his living in this population and was planning to move to a larger city and visit the area once a week.

People often think it is a crazy idea to put tooth paste in the mouth and shine the teeth. Their diet of vegetables, and black whole wheat bread keeps the teeth shining and healthy. This does not mean that there are no people with bad teeth, but they are very scarce and the local experienced dentists do the job without reward.

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introduced under the direction of the Rockefeller Foundation. In the thirties, the dictator Metaxas introduced a number of changes by fiat, which ran counter to Greek values, but many of which were accepted gratefully by people wearied of political dissension and lack of leadership. World War II, with its displacements and destruction and enemy occupation, the work of UNRRA and the Greek War Relief, and more recently, of the POS agency of the ECA, have all been agents of change.

There are many kinds of Greeks. The million or so Greeks who came from Turkey and Russia in the twenties differ from the so-called "old Greeks". The city Greeks consider themselves very different from the peasants. There is a vogue for peasant handicrafts but not for peasant attitudes. Urban Greeks like to take on the ways of foreigners, to use the products of technology, even the processed foods of technology. Many French and English words are used in their speech. They take on the attitudes of the Western World, using clocked time in business and living a life relatively pressed for time, adopting to some extent the Western scientific approach and objective external limits, instead of the more animistic approach and the body-patterned limits of traditional Greek culture. There are lectures here on health and hygiene, on child care and co-operation and nutrition. In Athens, the music and the drama are excellent, and in line with Euro-American developments. There is rapid transportation. There are many associations based on foreign patterns: the YMCA and the YWCA, the Girl Guides and the Boy Scouts, football groups and hiking groups. There are foreign attitudes about travel: people go to tour the country or the world, instead of going to visit a relative or a family friend or a miraculous shrine. The difference reaches its greatest intensity as between the educated Greeks and the peasants, who, though literate, have no high education.

People of different regions have a different way of life. The mountainous terrain, the absence of easy communication except coastwise, differences in dialect and local history, and, most of all, the extreme personal independence of the people, have fostered tremendous variation from place to place. To the world at large, a man may be a Greek, but to other Greeks, he is a Macedonian, an Arcadian, or an Epirot. More than this, he comes from a particular village of which he is very proud and for whose honour he competes with other villages. In the United States, Greeks from one village, such as Mani, have organized themselves in a nationwide organization. People from one small island speak of the people of the neighbouring island as queer or ill-mannered. This is as it should be; in Greek culture it is good for everyone to be different or, as the Greeks put it, to be individually formed.

The differences are there but the similarities are more basic. The Athenians, working by clock time, strain at their bonds, and do not

805 person is also just arriving, or, if they find him gone, they usually accept the fact with neither apology nor frustration.

STANDARD OF LIVING

511 The standard of living is set, not by a scheme, but by the needs of the person, shaped and channelled by family role, as well as by [109] disdain for softness and love of simplicity. Greeks do not budget, except for a very few who like to follow American ways. They spend not according to what they have, but according to the order of what [599] they want, and, on principle, they should want little. Simplicity and frugality are expressions of fortitude and self-discipline, and they are also really enjoyed as dimensions of living. Greeks are not motivated by the thought of great or vague or schematic future benefits; however, since the family is central to all planning, and since it extends into the future, Greeks try to see to it that there are means for the education of the son or the dowry of the daughter, or for an added field or a gold ornament for the wife. They have no faith in the future, and know that it will not take care of itself. So, as a rule, they buy only what they can pay for now and will not expand either business or standard of living on the basis of future profits.

[426] Greeks go in debt for subsistence and what they consider necessities. They do not like to borrow for luxuries, or for the creation of wealth. If they have enough for necessities, then any rise in income is sheer surplus. It does not have to go towards relieving the strain on the budget, or to pay a dreaded instalment on a radio, and, as a rule, it does not raise the standard of living. The Greek likes his life; [262] he does not see why he should give up his lunch of cheese and bread, or his delicious *commatiasta* (stews) just because now he can afford roast lamb every day. Such things belong to festive occasions. The surplus will be put back into the business, or saved intact for the family, or given in beneficence.

571 The wealthy Greek "of good family", that is, who has been properly 556 brought up, is not distinguished by luxurious living, since luxury is 457 soft and ostentatious. He is distinguished by his gifts to his country or village, by the battleship or stadium that bears his name, the village fountain or health centre which he established for his district. Large sums of money are sent annually to Greece by its emigrated sons for these purposes, as well as for the support or education or dowering of relatives, by people whose wives do their own housework. Greece has counted on these sums as an important source of income, and the economy of Greece now suffers from the effects of restricted emigration, since American-born Greeks lose contact with their parents' country, and fewer such sums are now being sent back.

854 and then the two are wrapped together; the arms are pressed against
[856] the sides and then the swaddling cloth is wrapped tightly over all. Swaddling is imperative to make the baby grow straight, tall and strong; most of all to prevent it from becoming crooked.

As we have mentioned, traditional and scientific opinion agree that the baby must never be held nestling in the crook of the arm until it can sit up by itself. The gesture of mother love is not that of the curved arms. Even an unswaddled baby is held like a long stiff bundle against the body within an imaginary swaddling band. In villages, babies are often carried in slings, lying stiffly against the mother's hip and swinging with her walk; or they are carried standing in the sling against her back. The Greek cradle is a swing, which can be moved near to where the mother is working, so that she can pull the rope to rock it. At night it is put beside her bed. The pediatricians inveigh strongly against its use, considering that it spoils the baby, urging the use of bassinets and cribs.

853 It is important that the baby be breast-fed; in fact this is taken for granted. According to the child care manuals, it is extremely rare for a mother to have no milk, and slightly less rare that she have
[369] not enough milk. The city pediatricians find it necessary, however, to make impassioned pleas for the mother's own milk, pointing out the dangers incurred in engaging a wet-nurse, the criminality towards one's own baby, who has an inherited right to his mother's milk, and the crime against the baby of the wet-nurse, who has been left in the village without a mother. Women are reminded that the great Homeric mothers, Hecuba and Penelope, suckled their own children. Some factories have baby nurseries, mainly to enable mothers to nurse their own children. When supplementary feeding is needed, it is to be given with a spoon, lest the baby find the rubber nipple
[862] easier and refuse the breast. Asses' milk is recommended as nearest to mother's milk; cow's and goat's milk are recommended next to this.

Traditionally, the baby is given *glykanisso*, anise water, and camomile the first day, and is allowed to suck the colostrum the second day. Pediatricians urge that all ingestion should begin with suckling and that no other food be given. Babies are to receive no solid food until the sixth or even the eighth month. Nursing is recommended until the fourteenth month, or even up to two years; and the two year
[864] period is traditional. Weaning is gradual; pediatricians as well as tradition recommend the smearing of bitter stuff, perhaps quinine, on the nipple, or the offering of sweetened milk. Nursing need not
[843] be interrupted for a pregnancy and, in fact, may be good for the growing embryo. Juices of every variety of available fruit are recommended at three or four months, as well as strained vegetable soups. Traditionally, the baby joins the family at mealtime as soon as he can sit up; he is allowed to eat of the family meal, given choice slowly and carefully. At first, hard crusts and bones only are allowed,

264 594 titbits, additional dishes, or special table arrangements. It is an occasion not to be treated lightly. Everyone down to the smallest child is present, and sits at the table throughout the meal. Everyone crosses himself at the beginning and the end of the meal. A blessing is called upon the meal, and absent members are remembered at this time. To quarrel at the table would be like "quarrelling in Church". Food is one aspect of this total situation, but it is not the entire end of the meal; and dinner is much more than food. Breakfast is not a meal but a light snack for individuals. The true family meal comes after [461] [369] one's day's "work" is over. Where people work until 2 p.m. and then stop for the day, as in offices in Athens, there may be two family meals a day; but the family meal is usually the evening meal.

264 574 The meal is the supreme medium of hospitality. All hospitality involves the offer of some food—a spoonful of preserves, coffee, brandy, nuts, fresh fruit, according to locality and time of the year. The meal goes beyond this. Visitors helping to re-establish refugees in their devastated villages report that the peasants kill their only hen for them, and fill their pockets with the few nuts they have. To invite a friend to dinner and take him to a restaurant is an insult, even in Athens. Restaurants are for foreigners and those who ape their ways, and for those unfortunate travellers who have no relatives in the city. There are also eating places known as kitchens, where men who work too far from home can get a home-like meal. A group of friends on an outing or out for a dance may also eat together, incidentally, but this is a different matter.

146 261 855 Traditionally, food is not nutrition. Food is good, not good for you. In the cities there are at times articles published on nutrition. The mothers read maternal and child care manuals which mention and describe nutrition, and perhaps they read the book by Dr. Katsigra on Food and Life, which tells them that all Greek food recipes destroy food values and transform the food into poison. Very few other Greeks are aware of these writings, or mention such [369] things in conversation, however. In the cities where mothers have been taught to stress nutritional values, to feed their children by schedule, and to keep them from the social communion of the family meal, feeding problems are well-known; in the villages such problems are not reported. Children there are not urged to eat, and are not tempted with special foods: "Why should children not want to eat? Isn't food good?" If they do not like the eggplant dish particularly, there is always bread, and no one has ever heard of a child who does not like bread.

262 264 Greek meals are traditionally simple. There is always bread, and every mouthful of food must be eaten with a bite of bread. Greeks at foreign tables find it very difficult to face food, even potatoes and spaghetti, without the traditional mouthful of bread; apart from distaste, there is a feeling of guilt at eating food without bread. In the

villages the bread is brown and home-baked, and it may form the complete meal, with olive-oil for dipping. If there is any other food, there is only one dish, containing a variety of ingredients which usually make for balanced eating through the day. The hot bean dish *(fasoulada)* for example, contains olive-oil, parsley, onions, tomatoes, and other vegetables, and, eaten with brown bread and perhaps olives and cheese, provides a complete nutritive meal, except that the proteins are not animal ones; and the writer finds it fit for a king. The Greek meal is not structured climactically. It may end with fruit, or a leaf of lettuce, or cheese; this, however, is nothing to look forward to but, at most, puts a period to the meal. It is the bread, the "food", that is the point of the meal. Greeks in foreign parts, who have taken on rich foreign desserts, often top their meals with a bite of bread.

In the provinces, very little meat is eaten. Through the week it is served, if at all, as a small ingredient part of one of the special vegetable dishes—dishes which are named after the main vegetable they contain. On Sundays, or when guests arrive, or on other festive occasions, there may be roast and potatoes; these are baked together and constitute the whole meal, with the ever-present bread. Fish is eaten in the villages wherever it is available. Processed fish—salted, dried, canned—is a great favourite, and salted roe, made into a "salad" is greatly enjoyed, and forms a regular item during Lent. Milk is consumed in the form of cheese and *yaourti*, a custard-like cultured milk; little is drunk. But the milk used is that of sheep and goats, which, according to Kaloyereas, is richer in fat and protein than cow's milk. In the villages, fruit and vegetables are eaten plentifully when in season; dried fruits and nuts are eaten, olives, cheese while it lasts, and a variety of legumes. There is skill in cooking, and since variety within a meal is not valued or demanded, the simple meals are much enjoyed, and wealthy emigrants, who have succumbed to the luxuries of the American meal pattern, often long for their peasant meals.

In the cities, the Greeks have learned to eat meat and to drink more milk. Here cow's milk and a taste for it have been introduced, and in the country around Athens and Salonica, the peasants raise cattle. Foreign packaged goods are in vogue in the cities, and people, in their desire to take on American ways, eat foods which are contrary to all Greek principles of texture. Oatmeal is eaten by young children and invalids under one of its American trade names, Quaker Oats, pronounced unrecognizably. As *vromi*, it is food for animals, and the word is reminiscent of "stench". According to Dr. Katsigra, much foreign fruit is also imported, and this has led to a demand for perfection in the appearance of the Greek fruit eaten; this means that the Greek fruit for the city is now picked unripe. City people eat mostly white bread. In general, city food, which conforms in externals more closely to the list of the nutritionists, actually seems to be inferior to that of the provinces. And city health is reported to have been

362 much below that of the provinces, even at a time when the villages
369 were suffering from the depravations of the civil war.

Lent does not affect nutrition significantly. Where olive-oil is not
362 allowed, olives are; where fish is not allowed, fish roe is. In the pro-
785 vinces, not much meat is eaten, even before Lent; in the cities many
796 of the people fast only on a few of the important days of Lent. How-
ever, now that mothers have been taught the importance of giving
their children daily milk, Lent does have an effect in this area; milk is
forbidden during Lent, and children have to fast at least during the
[197] latter part. Unicef has made successful efforts to persuade mothers to
give their children milk during this period. It achieved this with the
co-operation of bishops who drank milk during Lent to show mothers
that, if the cause was good, it was not a sin to drink milk; only one
archimandrite refused to do so, afraid to take on the responsibility
of possibly leading the people astray.

362 Greek holidays each have their appropriate food. It is essential
511 for the welfare, the religion, for the Greekness of the people, to have
this food at that time. At a time when the Bureau of Welfare was set
[196] up to function only during emergency, it offered funds for the indigent
at holidays for the purchase of the indispensable festive foods. If
Greeks have any money to spend at such a time, these foods have
a priority over everything else.

ATTITUDES UNDERLYING ACCEPTANCE OF CHANGE

178 Greeks do not place a value on unlimited progress; what they want
185 is the better than the present, or than the known. Modern Greek has
[196] lost the superlative of ancient Greek. To express *the best*, one now
says, *the better of all the others.* And this expresses what is actually
wanted. The American says, "the sky's the limit", but the Greek wants
to reach the ceiling instead, something that he can touch and know
ahead of time. The rest is a dream; he speculates about it as he
speculates about what he would do if he were President of the United
States; and he uses the subjunctive, not the future.

In this way, the attitude toward change is related to the place of
the plan in Greek life. On the one hand, that which is a plan to an
American, organizing and inciting to action, is a dream to the Greek,
leading to quiescence or to oratory. The Greek mother of an American
adolescent is shocked to hear her daughter express as plans, in the
future tense, what she herself expressed in the subjunctive of the dream.
Plans introducing agricultural and other change are formulated by
foreign or foreign-trained technicians who say: "When I get to be . . .
I shall do . . ." for people who say: "If I were . . . I would do"; there
is a chasm between these two views of life.

On the other hand, the plan based on the non-experienced, on